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The American Mercury

THE COMMUNIST THREAT TO ITALY — Gene Rea
VETERANS ARE NOT PROBLEM CHILDREN — T/Sgt. David Dempsey
WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT ARTHRITIS — Dr. W. W. Bauer
REFLECTIONS OF AN EDITORIAL WRITER — Stanley Walker

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by Arthur Bronson
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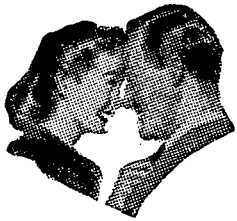

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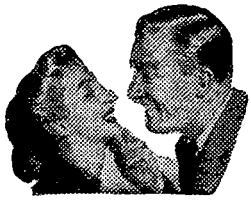

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THE AMERICAN MERCURY

VOLUME LXI

NUMBER 261

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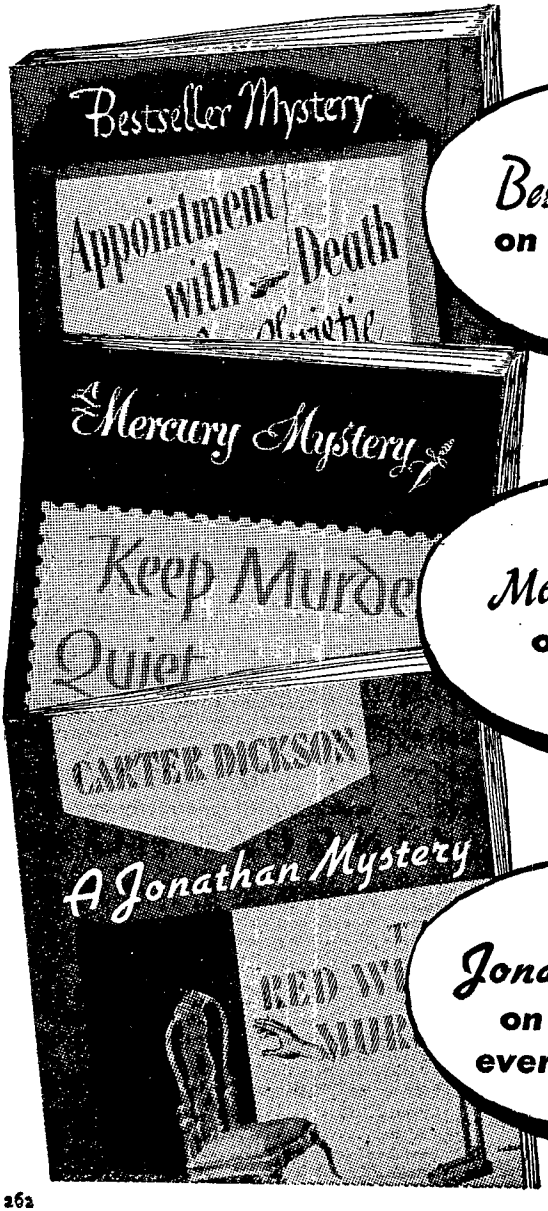

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VOLUME LXI SEPTEMBER, 1945 NUMBER 261

The American
MERCURY

THE COMMUNIST THREAT TO ITALY

By Gene Rea

The Communist line in Italy was made very clear at a secret underground meeting of some sixteen party leaders at the ancient Bersaglieri armory in Bologna on April 20, 1945. I was present at the meeting with another American war correspondent. The guiding spirit of the leaders said:

"*Comrades, while fighting Fascism you will seek out every former Fascist and offer him the chance of membership in our Party with a guarantee of amnesty if he joins us. You will attack any Fascist who enters any other Party.*

"*Give verbal allegiance to the Catholic Church and its priests. It is of prime importance to show the people the Party is not anti-religious. Make friends with disgruntled priests and help organize Catholic branches of the Party with them.*

"*Show the Anglo-Americans to be greedy capitalists and imperialists ready to enslave our people.*

"*Enroll as members of other Parties to sow discord in their ranks. Our Party will thus prove itself the only strong and united force in the country.*"

The speaker, as I know from months of close observation of political life in all parts of Italy, was merely repeating instructions handed to him from Communist headquarters, for what he said is the official party line in Italy.

Knowing that a Catholic Italy had once violently rejected Communism (1921), and that today there is hardly any genuine popular support for the Soviet doctrine, Moscow is attempting a new strategy to disguise its real revolutionary nature. After years of

GENE REA *was for nearly a year special war correspondent in Italy for* Il Progresso *of New York, on whose staff he has served since 1939. He is a graduate of the New York University School of Journalism. His articles have appeared in many national magazines.*

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careful planning, based on the assumption that Mussolini would eventually fall, Moscow boldly entered upon the Italian scene in the fall of 1943. Immediately after the Italian Armistice it proclaimed itself a friend of the Italian people and rushed to recognize the Badoglio government while both England and the United States hesitated and lost valuable time.

Although Badoglio and King Victor Emanuel are now anathema to the Communists, Russia's original move in their favor was made to obtain a wedge into an Italy the Soviets need badly if they are to dominate the Mediterranean. The immediate aim of this plan was to create a weak Rome government composed of united front elements which would give Moscow's standard-bearers an open field to carry on their propaganda. In this move they succeeded, as has been proved by events in Italy since the formation of the first Bonomi government up to and including the present Parri government.

Groundwork for the new Communist strategy in Italy started shortly after the Spanish Civil War, when it was evident to everyone that a new European and world struggle could no longer be avoided. Moscow was fully aware that it could not depend on the Italian Communists alone to seize power in the country. It, therefore, sought a coalition with a party which could serve its purposes. It found what it was looking for in the respectable Italian Socialist Party, an organization that had a great tradition and a very sizable following.

While Munich was in the making and Neville Chamberlain was proclaiming to the world that he had brought "peace in our time" to an unprepared Western democracy, the Communists were developing their new strategy in Paris and Moscow. In Paris, Ruggiero Grieco, naturalized citizen of Russia, got in touch with Mussolini's former partner, Pietro Nenni, who had fled from Italy when Il Duce decided to be the number-one man himself. Nenni had established himself in France and became head of the Italian Socialist Party-in-exile. With no financial support of his own, he had turned to Moscow which supplied him with funds from time to time.

Grieco is still probably the most capable and experienced figure in the Italian Communist Party. He is a member of the Soviet hierarchy and head of the secret Moscow Western Mediterranean *Sezione* "E" (Esterna), dominant underground Communist organization for the control of Red activities in that area. He was responsible for formulating and guiding the policies of the Communists during the Spanish Civil War.

Nenni agreed with Grieco that it would be to the welfare of the Italian Socialist Party to form a working alliance with the Communists. He committed his party to this alliance without obtaining the approval of other Socialist leaders like Ignazio Silone, Giuseppe Saragat, and the son of the martyred Giacomo Matteotti.

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II

This new strategy, built upon the Trojan Horse principle, was set in operation in Italy in September 1943. The outer surface of the Horse is represented by the legal set-up of the Communist Party, and is known as *Il Partito* (the Party). The innards, or underground, is known as *L'Apparato* (the Apparatus). Both are seemingly distinct organizations. The Party is headed by Palmiro Togliatti, now Minister of Justice in the Parri government. The Apparatus is headed by Ruggiero Grieco, who formerly occupied the office charged with purging Fascists. (The post is now held by Pietro Nenni.) Grieco occupies no *official* position in the executive set-up of the Italian Communist Party. But he is the real Communist boss in Italy and the man who acts as Moscow's chief representative.

Despite the working alliance with the Socialists, the Communist section of *L'Apparato* carries on its activities entirely in secret and leaves all contacts with Pietro Nenni's party up to Togliatti and the Party.

The intellectual leaders of the Apparatus are Luigi Longo, Giuseppe DiVittorio, and, of course, Grieco. Longo, alias Gallo, received his Communist training in the Spanish Civil War. He was appointed by Moscow, through Grieco, to be political commissar of Spain. Official records, now in possession of Allied governments, show that he was responsible for the murder of Spanish nuns, priests and Catholic laymen, and also for the "purge" of more than three thousand volunteers in the ranks of the Republican Foreign Brigade. Most of those executed belonged to the dissident Communist groups — *Trotskisti* and *Communisti Liberatari* (Anarchists).

DiVittorio, also known as Nicoletti, was given the same position in Italy as that occupied by Longo in Spain. He is described in an official Allied document as "impulsive, violent, bitter, calculating and treacherous" and as "the typical political gangster." At the time Longo went to Spain, DiVittorio was sent to Paris to edit *La Voce degli Italiani*, a Communist organ. On or about July 25, 1937, he wrote a long editorial defending the action of Longo in liquidating the anarchists and the Trotskyites on the ground that it "purified" the Spanish Communist movement.

The Communist Trojan Horse has its work all mapped out for it in Italy. Grieco's task is to see to it, with the help of the Socialists, that the Communists have the "right jobs" in the government so that they will be in a position to paralyze the nation when the inevitable showdown of strength takes place in Italy. When Grieco held the government office charged with purging Fascists, he drew up a long list of the Communists' arch foes, and many of them were liquidated. Those who were not liquidated saved their skins by promising obedience to Moscow. There are thousands of such Fascists now working feverishly for the Communists. One of the most

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ironical cases is that of *Carabiniere* Commandant LaStretta. A former Fascist gangster, he is now head of the government bureau whose function it is to round up Fascist criminals!

Longo's task is to make sure that enough arms and munitions are stored in secret hiding places. When Partisan brigades were disarmed, Longo saw to it that their arms were not consigned to government warehouses, but went to Communist hiding places.

Young, dare-devil Communist-inspired Partisans have boasted to me that they have enough war booty hidden to fight a major battle. Longo and his staff throughout the country see to it that dependable underground fighters are enrolled in local police forces and in the Army. At Verona the local Communist chief put up such a protest when he heard that more than a hundred of "his men" were going to be returned to civilian status that AMG there had to find a place for them in the law-enforcing agencies, although there was no real need for them.

Longo is also entrusted with the duty of forming a secret underground Red Army. He picks men from the different Partisan bands, now completely demobilized, and trains them as the nuclei for the underground armed forces of the Communists.

As for DiVittorio, he is the virtual boss of organized labor in Italy. Ostensibly he is just one of three joint Secretaries of the *Confederazione di Lavoro*, the national trade union organization; the other two are Oreste Lizzardi, a Socialist, and Aquile Grandi, a Christian Democrat. Lizzardi, however, idolizes DiVittorio and is easily swayed by him. Grandi has hardly any say at all, and his protests are always overruled.

The Italian labor movement, so far as the rank and file is concerned, is hardly Communist. Yet it bows to the will of DiVittorio, especially since in so many unions and regional organizations he also controls the Socialists in compliance with the Grieco-Nenni alliance.

In every Italian community there is a *Camera di Lavoro* (Chamber of Labor). With very few exceptions these *cameras* are run by their Communist minorities. Whatever labor union a worker belongs to, he is also inscribed in the local *camera*. He obtains work and relief through this *camera* and therefore cannot afford to ignore or antagonize its "bosses." When food, shoes, or clothes and other articles are made available for the needy, it is the *camera* that does the distributing. Any worker who dares to offend the Communist boss learns his lesson quickly.

At a Naples Labor Exchange a Communist official decreed that anyone seeking a job must be a member of the *camera*. At Candela, province of Foggia, the Communist official at the Post Office refused payment of family allowances to workmen who had not inscribed in the *camera*. At Ancona the Communist director of the Labor Office made registration of all workers in the *camera* conditional toward

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their obtaining a food ration card.

The above are but random examples of how the workers can be dominated through control of the *cameras*. It shows how Grieco's plan of getting Communists in the "right jobs" works in practice. In many instances, I found in my travel throughout Italy that the *camera* and Communist local headquarters are in the same building without even the pretense of nonpartisan administration.

When the famous Soviet delegation to Italy traveled through the country in October 1944, the *camera* in every locality visited by the Moscow guests organized receptions for them. Despite the fact that many of the towns and cities visited had only a small minority of Communists, huge crowds were amassed. The secret of these *demonstrations* lay with the local Communist bosses. Using the *camera* lists, they called for members to make their appearances at a designated place at a certain date. When the throng gathered, the Communists were in the front lines with appropriate placards and red banners. The leaders gave the signals for applause and cheers. The crowds sang *Bandiera Rossa*, the Italian Communist hymn, and the *Internazionale*.

It was on this trip that much "realistic" talk was heard in "closed" political meetings. At Lecce, for instance, where a luncheon party was given to the delegates, Drs. Manno and Sansonetti, local Socialist leaders, and Refulo, Communist secretary of the local *camera*, referred to the inevitability of a Communist *coup d'état*. At another such meeting in Gioia del Colle, Communist Capuzzo, also secretary of the local *camera*, spoke of the Russian revolution as a pattern for Italy. At Brindisi the Soviet Union was called the "light from the East," while at Corato it was openly stated that "regeneration" can come only through "revolution." The real character of the *camera* can be gauged by the delegation's reception at Barletta. Here the mayor, a Christian Democrat, was welcoming the Russians when the front-liners broke out with a chant: "We want a Communist dictatorship!"

References to the Italian revolution that is to come were made quite openly at most of the meetings with local Communists declaring that the "solidarity of the workers who have freely joined the *Camera di Lavoro* is for the purpose of putting into practice the teachings of Lenin!"

The planned demonstration for the Russian delegation put in sad light the feeble welcome given to the Anglo-American Trade Unionists who visited Italy a few weeks previously. It shows the strongly knit Communist organ at work in sharp contrast to the weak and confused elements of the other parties.

III

The plans of the Communist Trojan Horse solidified when the first Bonomi cabinet fell in November of last year. In the second Bonomi govern-

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ment, and in the present Parri government, the Communists expanded their underground and surface activities. More Communists are in government posts while the Socialists in office are getting fewer and fewer in number.

It was after the first Bonomi administration that the underground Communist cells started operating with great vigor. The plan was to take advantage of every opportunity to bring about demonstrations, strikes and bloodshed, to keep the country in a state of "suspended animation."

In the second Bonomi administration, which lasted from December 1944 to June 1945, the Communists instigated a minor revolution in Sicily, although official blame was put on the Sicilian Separatists and former "Fascists." Sicilian unrest still continues, and only recently the Archbishop of Agrigento, His Excellency Giambattista Peruzzo, arch foe of the Communists, was gravely wounded by "unknown" bandits. On the basis of an interview I had with the Archbishop not long before he was wounded, I would not be surprised if his assailants were Communist gangsters.

In Sardegna the Communists started riots against the Rome government, though they blamed Lussu's Actionists. In Calabria they rioted against the "Fascist" *Carabinieri*. In Rome they accused the police of killing an "innocent Communist" and caused a riot by taking the victim's body to the Viminale and demanded that Bonomi resign. Togliatti officially disclaimed that any Communists were involved!

While Togliatti's party puts out propaganda to the effect that it stands for law and order and that Italian Communism is one of the greatest progressive, dynamic and democratic forces of the twentieth century, Grieco's underground Apparatus spreads hate and the theory of class war.

To understand the wave of strikes and demonstrations throughout Italy today, one must know the program set up by Antonio Gramsci, the father of Italian Communism. Gramsci's work is analyzed in a handbook for Italian Communists written by Togliatti and entitled *Antonio Gramsci — Capo Della Classe Operaia Italiana*, published for the first time in 1938. Togliatti portrays Gramsci as an advanced thinker whose plan for Communist control of Italy was sound. He points out that Gramsci failed at first only because time had not allowed him to put his scheme to work on a national basis. Gramsci had outlined a scheme to seize control of all industrial plants throughout Italy through workers' committees. He told how the nation could be paralyzed by strikes and how a few men in key positions could throttle a superior majority. He spoke of a "period of occupation" of Italian industries by Communist cells.

This Togliatti book, if one compares it with events now taking place throughout Italy, shows clearly the [illegible] of Communism on the march.

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The same machinery and objectives preached in the book are now being used and followed. Today the Communist cells in industries are the *Commissioni Interne*. Ostensibly non-partisan, they are in truth overwhelmingly under Communist leadership. These *commissioni*, or shop committees, have the power to declare strikes whenever they deem necessary, with or without cause. Their work is being demonstrated daily. The strikes at Turin and Milan, industrial heart of Italy, are being manipulated by them. The recent violent outbreaks in the Puglie area where Communist bands openly revolted against the authorities show them actually at work.

The Communist revolution as preached by Gramsci failed in 1921 because the Socialist Mussolini, with other prominent Socialists like Pietro Nenni, organized the Fascist Party. Today Socialists like Silone, Matteotti, Saragat (now ambassador to France), Togniarelli and Modigliani (leading Socialists of northern Italy) are becoming increasingly aware of the true nature of the Communist Trojan Horse. They are reliably reported to have told Nenni that the alliance with the Communists must end. (American Socialists have taken up the same cry, declaring that Nenni has sold out to the Communists.) It is conceivable that the Socialists may be able to break the influence of the Horse in 1945 by joining forces with the Liberal, Christian Democrat, Action, and Labor Democrat Parties.

But the Communists are ready for this possibility. By using Nenni to work along with them, they have infiltrated nearly every political, civil and government area of Italy.

They have lured Fascist-bred youth into their organization. Young men like twenty-six-year-old Onofri Fabrizio, head of *Agit-Prop*, the underground Propaganda and Action group, and Antonello Trombadori, head of the *Terrorist Section* of the Communist underground, have organized a group of tough, unscrupulous youths who stop at nothing to gain their goal.

Young men like these, reared in the Fascist school, imbued with a revolutionary drive, are ready to fight and would not hesitate to start a civil war. Instances in which entire Fascist Black Brigades (the Italian equivalent of the Nazi SS) have joined the Communist organization in a body are by no means rare. One survey made by members of the Italian government lists some 60,000 former Blackshirts in the Milan area alone who have gone over to the Communists.

Whether or not the Trojan Horse strategy of the Communists in Italy wins out depends on the support given to the Rome government by England and the United States. The Communists are trying to negate such support beforehand by "disillusioning" the Italian people about the "democracy" brought to Italy by the Anglo-Americans. In many instances, they have based their propaganda on solid ground.

The grave errors made by the An-

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glo-Americans through Allied Military Government and Allied Control Commission are evidenced in the chaotic situation of Italy today. The drastic changes promised by Washington and London since last December have not materialized. A last-minute remedy may help avert some of the disaster, but it may not prevent the Trojan Horse plan of the Communists from materializing. The forces for the conflict bound to come to doomed Italy have already laid their groundwork. A forewarning of what is in store was given by Christian Democrat Italian Foreign Minister Alcide DeGasperi when, in criticizing the Anglo-American treatment, he declared that "*there is no doubt that a strong nationalistic and reactionary movement*" against the Communists would soon sweep the whole nation.

The Communists have set the stage under the very noses of Anglo-American military and political leaders in the country. With Togliatti acting as Minister of Justice, Nenni as Purge Commissioner, DiVittorio in charge of labor, Longo activating an ever-increasing underground Red Army, and Fausto Gullo as Minister of Agriculture, they are ready for whatever comes. If the Communists can gain their goal by "legal" methods, they will wait. But if they see that the swing is toward the right-of-center, then they will not hesitate to give the orders that will start a national uprising, through which the Communists hope to seize the government by force.

The Ages of Man —

The first forty years of life give us the text; the next thirty supply the commentary on it. — ARTHUR SCHOPENHAUER

In the morning of life, work; in the midday, give counsel; in the evening, pray. — GREEK PROVERB

When a man is young he writes songs; grown up, he speaks in proverbs; in old age he preaches pessimism. — HEBREW PROVERB

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THE SCORE AT SAN FRANCISCO

By John B. Whitton

"Oh, what a great day this *can* be in history," exclaimed President Truman as he began his closing address at the San Francisco Security Conference. This expressed admirably all our hopes and fears about the conference. The new charter *can* usher in a long period of peace. It *can* mark a great turning point in history. On the other hand, it *can* become, like the League Covenant and Briand-Kellogg Pact, just one more failure. It offers to the world a magnificent chance — perhaps its last chance — to rid itself of war. While it does not guarantee anything, it undoubtedly gives us a framework which, if filled in with policies based on intelligence and will, guided by an enlightened public opinion, will help to lead us to a just and lasting peace.

The charter is far from perfect, but in present circumstances perhaps it would have been utopian to expect much more. The charter had to be accepted by all the great powers and forty-five other states; thus it represented the least common denominator of what they would all accept, especially the Big Five. Often the delegates voted for a provision, not because it promised to be the most effective, but because it had the best chance to be accepted by the American Senate and Soviet Russia. The main object was to *get something started*, with all the great powers collaborating.

This ever-present desire to avoid bitter controversy and *get going* explains many of the inconsistencies of the conference. Observers lifted their eyebrows when they saw it open by admitting Fascist Argentina, and close by denouncing Fascist Spain. They saw it proclaim that all states are sovereign and equal, and yet grant exclusive rights to the Big Five. It aimed in general terms to promote "human rights," but did not mention freedom of speech or religion, while even the United States opposed employment as a specific human right, and the right of independence as a goal of colonial peoples.

But let us get to the point of main interest to Americans and the world at large. Will the charter work? What assurances are found therein for a just and lasting peace for all the nations?

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First let us recall the framework of organization. There are to be seven different organs. First, the General Assembly, each country having one vote (Russia, three), to serve as a general international forum, but with little power; second, the Security Council, an executive committee of eleven members dominated by the Big Five, upon which will fall the main responsibility and power to keep the peace; third, the Economic and Social Council, dealing with non-political problems, with eighteen members elected by the Assembly; fourth, a Trusteeship Council, to supervise the mandated territories; fifth, an International General Staff; sixth, a world court, much like the old Permanent Court of International Justice, whose record between the two world wars was highly successful; and finally, the Secretariat, with many sections and activities, a sort of international civil service, much like that of the League of Nations at Geneva.

II

Can such an organization keep the peace? To answer this question, we must examine the possible methods to prevent or repress war, and see to what extent these methods are provided by the San Francisco charter. Peace through collective action depends on three types of activity: (1) *preventive* measures aimed at doing away with the causes of war — overcoming trouble and friction before they ripen into actual dispute; (2) the *peaceful settlement* of disputes, before recourse is taken to force; (3) and collective enforcement measures, usually called *international sanctions*, to end the threat of war if force is employed or is threatened by any state.

Preventive Action

A stitch in time saves nine. The doctor who takes no interest in his patient until the latter develops an acute case of tuberculosis is neglecting his most important job. Modern medicine puts its main emphasis on keeping the disease from getting a start. Among nations, too, prevention is much to be preferred to heroic measures taken as a last resort, for the latter are much more costly, and often come too late to prevent the catastrophe. Far better promptly to aid the nation menaced by economic crisis than to sit by idly with folded arms, as the ravages of inflation and unemployment engender civil disturbance at home and aggression abroad.

The San Francisco charter places enormous stress on preventive action, infinitely more than the League Covenant did. It binds the members to "take effective collective measures for the prevention and removal of threats to the peace," "to develop friendly relations among nations," and "to achieve international co-operation in the solution of international problems of economic, social and cultural and humanitarian character." Nor are these aims left as mere vague generalities. A new organization, unknown at Geneva — the Economic and Social Council

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— is created with eighteen members, elected by the General Assembly, to study the matters just mentioned and to recommend solutions. True, this body can only study and suggest; it cannot take action, and any real action must be taken by each interested state individually, through local laws and policies, or collectively through treaty. But the influence of this council, as well as of the General Assembly, can be great. The latter will be an international forum, a sort of world round table, where all problems, all grievances, can be freely discussed.

The recent Arab revolt in Syria and Lebanon might have been prevented, had the Assembly been able to discuss the whole matter openly, with the British, the French and the Arabs permitted to tell their story. Then the Assembly could have made recommendations, attempting to persuade the parties to accept a solution. Neither the French nor the Arabs could have been *forced* to accept the proposed solution, but the mere airing of the dispute might have helped a great deal.

Many other provisions of the charter are preventive in purpose. There is, for example, the extensive section on trusteeship, something not even referred to in the Dumbarton Oaks draft. Colonial countries are bound to treat their charges as a sacred trust, preparing them for self-determination, meanwhile raising their standard of living and striving to educate them. If these provisions are respected — and the Trusteeship Council has the right to supervise and even to inspect mandated areas to see whether the trusteeship obligations are being carried out — who knows how many civil wars or even international conflicts may not be nipped in the bud?

Such preventive action, it must be repeated, cannot be *imposed*. No supergovernment is contemplated. Successful preventive efforts must depend mainly on study, recommendation, persuasion. It is a job for statesmen of foresight and good will, conscious of their responsibilities. The fight on the causes of war is a matter of reducing tariffs, aiding needy peoples, implementing the Bretton Woods agreements. Even more, it is a matter of working out by common accord the solution of crucial political disputes. Some of these efforts must be made entirely outside the San Francisco organization. Others will result from its manifold organs and activities. The charter is only a framework; it must be filled in through continuous and effective collaboration among all the signatory powers.

Peaceful Settlement

Disputes are bound to break out, however, despite every effort made by the Assembly and the Council or any other agency of the organization. If leaders of a nation consider that "sacred rights" have been violated, and if they enjoy the support of an aroused public opinion, a dynamic situation may present itself to the new organization. It will now be the crucial responsibility of the Security

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Council to see that the matter does not end in violence.

Ample provision for peaceful settlement is made by the charter, although here again there is no real "rule of law." To show how the scheme operates, let us take the dispute of a few years ago over Mexican expropriation of American oil properties. Had the charter been in active operation at that time, both the United States and Mexico would have been under a solemn obligation to refrain from force, and to settle the dispute peaceably. If unable to settle it by their own efforts, through negotiation, conciliation or arbitration, or some other method, they would have had to submit it to the Security Council. Either party, or a third state, could submit the matter to this body, which would investigate it and recommend a solution. On the vote neither of the disputing parties could cast a ballot. As the dispute is over matters of law, it would be in order to submit it to the world court, the draft of whose charter was one of the major accomplishments of San Francisco.

But it is most important to understand the limitations on these procedures. No solution at any time can be imposed on the parties. As a matter of fact — and this is the charter's greatest defect — there is no real obligation to submit all disputes, at least the legal disputes, for third-party decision. Without such an obligation, there cannot be said to be a rule of law. There is nothing to prevent a wide development in this direction after the war, however, and if the charter and the subsequent peace settlements usher in a period of security it should not be impossible to induce the states to take this next and very important step. No greater contribution to an ordered world could be made by Britain and America than to agree to submit all their disputes to third-party decision.

But even if the matter of legal disputes were thus taken care of, we would still be left with the problem of the "political dispute." Nations are still unready to submit matters of vital political importance to impartial adjudication, and the only method of solving such problems is through negotiation and compromise. The Security Council is the body designed to foster such efforts. But we should not forget that the "domestic dispute" — one over such matters as tariffs and immigration policy — is expressly excepted from the jurisdiction of the new organization. Thus disputes over such matters will be left to develop at will. There is only one exception to this "hands-off" policy — when such a "domestic dispute" becomes so exacerbated as to constitute a threat to peace. Then the Security Council may take the necessary steps to restore order. The nature of such steps will now be discussed.

International Sanctions

The international planner may fail. So may the international court. Preventive action, and efforts to settle controversies, may not rule out ag-

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gression. That is where the policeman comes in. One outstanding lesson taught us by the bitter experiences before 1939 was this: while force alone is an inadequate guaranty of peace, nevertheless, as a last resort, we must be willing and prepared to repel force with force.

At first sight, the San Francisco charter seems to have put teeth behind its pacts and promises. Detailed arrangements are made, as under the League system, to apply against the aggressor diplomatic, financial and economic sanctions. But — and this is new — actual military force is provided as well. The members agree to contribute troops, airplanes, bases and other facilities, and to aid each other in their application. An international general staff will supervise these forces, make plans for their use, and command them if used. The general staff is supervised by the Security Council, which will make agreements with members, specifying the definite forces the latter will contribute in case of emergency.

This sounds fine. But on further study, one can see many defects. There is nothing automatic about this "police force," which is no real police force at all. Its use is left entirely to the discretion of the Security Council, which means, in the last analysis, discretion of the Big Five. Hence, no sanctions will be applied at all unless the Council first decides that there exists a danger to peace, that an aggression is present or threatened. But no rules are provided to aid the Council to decide whether or not an aggression actually exists. No court will handle this vital question on the basis of accepted rules.

Nor should we forget the famous "Big Power veto." According to the Yalta formula, the Council can neither declare that a threat to peace exists, nor order out the guard, without a vote of seven out of eleven of its members, including *all* the Big Five. And — still more extraordinary — even if its own aggression is the issue, a great power may still veto such a decision by the Council! So this superficially formidable system of sanctions really boils down to this: it is useless except (1) against ex-enemy states such as Germany, Japan and Italy, who after this war will be in no position to make an aggression anyway; and (2) against smaller states — the states other than the Big Five, although the quarrels of little powers rarely disturb world peace. In both these cases, moreover, if the aggressor state, ex-enemy or small state, has a good friend on the Council, the vote of this one power can prevent action against the wrongdoer.

III

Compare this arrangement with the workings of the Pan-American system under the recent Act of Chapultepec. If any state, *including* the United States, embarks on an aggression, all the others must take concerted action against it. And of course we have no "Big Power veto." So if during the

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oil dispute discussed above, the United States attacked Mexico, we would be subject to collective sanctions despite our opposition. If Russia attacks Persia, however, under the San Francisco charter Russia can veto any plan for police action. But if Persia attacks Russia, sanctions can be ordered against Persia which, unlike Russia, has no veto power!

Here is "realism" with a vengeance. In an attempt to defend our approval of this extraordinary arrangement, some contend that the United States was as insistent as Russia on conserving the Big Power veto. This appears doubtful in view of what we agreed on in the Act of Chapultepec. Even on general principles it is most unlikely that we held out for the veto. We have no fear of being hailed as an aggressor, and to insist on the right to be judge and party in our own cause is contrary to one of our fundamental concepts of law and justice. The Act of Chapultepec applied on a world scale would be far better than the San Francisco charter.

But the Big Power veto is a fact, and we must get along with it the best we can. A charter acceptable to all was considered more important than a charter offering real guaranties, but likely to be turned down. At least we now have an organization which both Russia and the American Senate have accepted. The new League will start with all the great powers (except enemy countries) as members. In contrast, the old League began its labors with two strikes against it, for Russia and America were on the outside.

The charter is neither a finished document nor a very satisfactory system of peace-enforcement, but merely a *first step*. If the great powers work together under its auspices in peace and harmony, there is no reason why it should not grow in strength, ultimately developing into a veritable system of peace.

EDUCATION is the instruction of the intellect in the laws of Nature, under which name I include not merely things and their forces, but men and their ways; and the fashioning of the affections and of the will into an earnest and loving desire to move in harmony with those laws.

— THOMAS H. HUXLEY

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IS THERE A JEFFERSON ON THE HORIZON?

By Franklin D. Roosevelt

This article by the late President originally appeared as a review of Claude G. Bowers' Jefferson and Hamilton: The Struggle for Democracy in America, *in the New York* Evening World *for December 3, 1925. Viewed in retrospect it is a revealing document, for it seems to forecast many of the ideas and certainly a great deal of the mood of what later came to be known as the New Deal. It also has a considerable timeliness. For permission to reprint we offer thanks to the executors of the Estate of Franklin D. Roosevelt.* — The Editors

I felt like saying "At last" as I read Mr. Claude G. Bowers' thrilling *Jefferson and Hamilton.* Perhaps this feeling is influenced by my personal experiences, but, in the broader sense, I am convinced that it would be a supreme contribution to current thought if the simple historic facts of this book could be learned in the newspaper editorial rooms as well as in the homes and schools of America.

Let me explain the personal side of it. A year ago I took occasion in a letter addressed to more than a thousand Democratic leaders throughout the country to refer in passing to the difference between the Jeffersonian and Hamiltonian ideas for an American method of government, and to apply their fundamental differences to present-day policies of our two great parties. Immediately many editors, including even some of the metropolitan press, launched sneers at the mere suggestion that Jeffersonianism could, in any remote manner, bear upon the America of 1925. A materialistic press reflects a materialistic age, but I still boil inwardly when I think of these smug writers who, wish being father to the thought, deny that the forces hostile to control of government by the people which existed in the crisis of 1790–1800 could still be a threat in our present day and land.

The other personal reason is that for some years I have been, frankly, fed up with the romantic cult which has, since the publication of an historical novel, surrounded the name of Alexander Hamilton; and I have longed to write this very book, which now so much more ably comes from the delightful and untiring research of Mr. Bowers.

What is more valuable, however, is that in this study of a period which was, in every way, as important to the preservation of the Union as was the

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Civil War itself, a spirit of fairness and calm judgment is shown which makes the book not merely convincing to the general reader but of permanent value to the advanced student.

For Hamilton emerges still a romantic and fascinating figure, albeit in his true character of aristocrat and convinced opponent of popular government. And in Jefferson we see not only the savior of the deeper ideals of the Revolution, but also the man with human failings, the consummate politician.

The history of the United States may be interesting to some for the mere fact of events or personalities, but it is of value to us as a whole because of the application we make of these facts to present problems. It is in this spirit in which the book must be read: if we obtain from its pages only the knowledge of the definite establishment of a democratic republic because of the leadership of Jefferson and his associates, we fail unless we in addition apply the basic ideals of those days to the later events in American history and to the often essentially similar problems that still lie unsolved before us.

In fact what is the chief revelation is not the day by day contest of the first ten years of the constitutional United States, but the constantly recurring thought of parallel or at least analogous situations existing in our own generation.

Mr. Bowers' book enters into the midst of the organization of the Government in 1789 after the ratification of the Constitution and the election of President Washington. I could have wished for an introductory chapter summarizing the chaos and the groping through which, for six long years, we passed by the grace of God, from the close of war in 1783 to the formation of the Federal Government. But the scenes in New York during the organizing of the first Cabinet and the first Congress hint very clearly of the divergent schools of thought which shortly before had compromised on the Constitution.

What a picture of the New York which was the nation's capital! The country village — seaport, the pigs in the streets, the town pumps, the dark lanes, the profiteers, the taverns and boarding houses. Then the terrific problems awaiting a new experiment in government. Leaders arriving from New England, from the South — men from the commercial centers and from agricultural constituencies — men from communities old and established, men from the frontiers of western New York and Pennsylvania and Virginia and the Carolinas — self-made, self-taught men, and scions of families which for generations had considered themselves the peerage of America.

There were no political parties, yet the line of demarcation was drawn before ever Washington was inaugurated. It is the little things which germinate. The World War had its murder of Sarajevo; the birth of American party battles had rise in the problem of the titles by which the

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President, the Cabinet and the Congress should be addressed. Next the social climbers, the snobbery, the appointment of Hamilton and Jefferson to the Cabinet, the rise of Hamilton to a position of supremacy and with it the control of the infant Government by the moneyed class. All still in the stage of experiment, and who, even today, can say that immediate success did not lie in the establishment of the Republic's finances and commercial credit? Alexander Hamilton we honor because of his master stroke for sound money, his genius for finance. Yet we must take into account the scandal of the day, the unconscionable profiteering of his followers — even some in Congress — in that same moneyed class who made veritable fortunes from the stupidity or the need or the lack of inside information on the part of the thousands of veterans, tradesmen, farmers or frontier settlers away from the larger seaport towns.

Slowly the lines were being formed. Within the Cabinet itself Jefferson, a veritable Westerner of his day, mistrusting the fondness of Hamilton for his Chambers of Commerce and his contempt for the opinion of the masses; Hamilton, confident of his power, confident of the power of his leaders among merchants and aristocrats, wholly lacking in understanding or in fear of the rights of what he thought of as the rabble — the poor, the uneducated, the average human being who, even then, made up the mass of his countrymen.

The scene changes to Philadelphia, the next temporary capital. More display, greater snobbery, and increased assurance on the part of the men and women of wealth, of family, of commercial prestige; and, most important, a growth of the pro-British sentiment on the part of these, and an abhorrence for the successes and excesses of the onrushing French Revolution.

It is natural that in this environment the demarcation into parties grew apace. Jefferson, eclipsed in the Cabinet by Hamilton, the natural democrat against the natural aristocrat, began then the mobilization of the masses against the autocracy of the few. It was a colossal task. With Hamilton were the organized compact forces of wealth, of birth, of commerce, of the press. With him at heart was Washington, the President. Jefferson could count only on the scattered raw material of the working masses, difficult to reach, more difficult to organize.

So began a warfare by press and pamphlet, skilfully forced by Jefferson and Madison and Freneau; bitterly answered by Hamilton and Ames and Fenno. A drawn battle of wits, perhaps, but every new reader a step toward the goal of Jefferson. A true public opinion was being made possible.

Yet, while the foundation stone was being laid in the education of the raw material, Jefferson found his position as Secretary of State more and

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more impossible. Hamilton, conscious of his supremacy, certain of the sanity and righteousness of his policies, reached out from the Treasury to conduct all the departments. Jefferson, the philosopher, resigned, content to abide his day, and from his beloved farm with unseen hand to guide the formation of the famous Democratic Societies throughout the States.

We are prone to assume that foreign events have played small part in our internal affairs, yet around the wars resulting from the French Revolution were built the principal surface issues of the United States from 1793 to 1800. From the British Orders in Council, and the seizure of American vessels, came the mission of John Jay and the treaty he brought home from London. The fat was in the fire.

At once the followers of the democratic theory found their ammunition. It mattered not that Hamilton was himself disgusted with Jay's surrenders. The treaty was the child of the Administration, and therefore of the Federalist faction. Scenes of marching mobs, of burning effigies, of bitter personalities filled the year of '96. They came too late to oust the Federalists from power, but they forced division and distrust into their ranks and the selection of John Adams as President, contrary to the better judgment of Hamilton. Jefferson, next highest in votes, became Vice President and again took his place in the Nation's capital.

One great and final stand was made by the friends of privilege and of government by strong-arm methods. The Alien and Sedition Laws were passed by what had become a strict party vote; four years of what Mr. Bowers properly calls "hysterics," and a "reign of terror" ensued. Freedom of the press was attacked — in vain; partisan courts flung men into prison — in vain; every criticism of the Administration was called treason — in vain.

Jefferson and Giles and Lyon and Madison and Sam Adams and Hancock and Gallatin and all their lieutenants and all their followers were labeled anarchists and atheists and traitors — modern words like socialist and radical and bolshevik had not yet come to men's tongues.

The surge grew in spite of names and jails and appeals to a false patriotism. There was no turning back for the Hamiltonians. Only a mighty gamble could bring success. The X Y Z Papers furnished the excuse for a war with France, and Hamilton saw the opportunity to avoid and evade domestic issues of a fundamental character by uniting all against a foreign foe.

His difficulty was the old one — it is hard to acquire much enthusiasm against an enemy which won't fight back. France was exceedingly busy at home keeping out the Coalition Kings, and had no reason or desire for a war against us in any event.

Nevertheless, Hamilton sounded the call to arms, had Washington given the honorary position of Commander in Chief of the Army and himself the actual command, raised

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troops and loans, bought equipment and made a great ado. If there had been an enemy close at hand to attack, the Federalists might have ridden to a continuance in power. But there was no enemy, and soon the fever of the imagined disease abated. In a last effort to sustain the war spirit the unfortunate Hamilton met his fall from leadership at the hands of his Federalist President, John Adams. In the final crisis within his party this old Revolutionary leader, vain, pompous, fat, rose to his last great act of patriotism — he made peace with France.

So the ten years' drama drew to its curtain. Through all the mud-slinging, the abuse of power, the deliberate misrepresentation, Jefferson remained the calm philosopher. When troops were asked, it was Jefferson's followers who were the readiest to fall in on country's call. When grave questions of domestic policy arose, it was reserved for certain Federalists of New England to be the first to talk of the dissolution of the Union. Jefferson's faith in mankind was vindicated; his appeal to the intelligence of the average voter bore fruit; his conception of a democratic republic came true.

It seems the irony of fate that in the final balloting for President by Congress it was Hamilton himself who helped his courteous antithesis to the supreme place. An ill-considered revenge was plotted by other Federal leaders to keep Jefferson from the Presidency by electing Aaron Burr. It gave Hamilton his last public chance. Whether he was actuated more by bitter hatred of the man who was later to kill him, or by the higher resolve to bow to the expressed will of the electorate, matters not. He chose right — and Thomas Jefferson and the principles of a true republic were triumphant.

I have a breathless feeling as I lay down this book — a picture of escape after escape which this nation passed through in those first ten years; a picture of what might have been if the Republic had been finally organized as Alexander Hamilton sought. But I have a breathless feeling, too, as I wonder if, a century and a quarter later, the same contending forces are not again mobilizing. Hamiltons we have today. Is a Jefferson on the horizon?

A PORTION of mankind may be said to constitute a nationality if they are united among themselves by common sympathies which do not exist between them and others — which makes them desire to be under the same government . . .

— J. S. MILL

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MARIAN ANDERSON

By Arthur Bronson

Arturo Toscanini once said of Marian Anderson, "A voice like hers comes only once in a hundred years," and a few years ago Jan Sibelius welcomed her to his home with the heartfelt tribute, "The roof of my house is too low for your voice." But while a great conductor and a great composer have deferred to the genius of Marian Anderson, a good many of her fellow countrymen have refused to permit the brilliance of her talents to overcome their prejudice against the color of her skin. Not long ago Miss Anderson was invited to Atlantic City for a special concert prior to which a ceremony was held for the purpose of offering her the keys of the city. On the night of the concert no first-class hotel could see its way clear to welcome a Negro, however eminent she might be.

Race prejudice has affected Miss Anderson's art in a rather curious way. There is always an instinct for escapism apparent both in her choice of programs and in her singing style. It is an escapism that constantly seeks the impersonal refuge of the lofty and spacious songs of the past — in stately operatic arias of Handel and Scarlatti, in late seventeenth and eighteenth century music; music, in short, of impersonal perfection, half a world and hundreds of years away from the deep south of the United States. When she sings such music, she seems almost to wrap their dignity around her in self-defense, identifying herself with their serenity, but rarely seeking to touch them with her own warmth. Because she is a person of sensitivity and somber taste, Miss Anderson sees to it that her programs are somewhat severe and pitched in minor modes. She rarely essays light arias. Even in her choice of spirituals, a "must" in any Negro artist's repertoire, she usually favors the more plaintive kinds. Perhaps her heritage has much to do with this, for the Negro in America has little reason to be other than plaintive.

A cultured, thoughtful woman, tall, graceful, and unaffected, with deep-set eyes and a generous mouth, Miss Anderson is proud of the honor she has brought her race. Her career has had much of the typical American success story about it. Now the highest priced singer in the concert busi-

ARTHUR BRONSON *is on the staff of* Variety. *Before that he was on the staff of the Philadelphia* Record, *for which he did play and music reviews. His most recent articles in* The American Mercury *were on Stokowski, Toscanini and Sol Hurok.*

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ness, it is not so long ago that she was scrubbing steps in a poor section of Philadelphia to earn a bit of spending money. On the basis of the number of concerts given and fees received — she gets $2,500 a recital and averages eighty appearances a year — she is in greater demand than any other singer. Her concerts are booked up two years ahead, and her color, sometimes a social handicap, has become a professional asset. The fact that she is a Negro has served to make her conspicuous in the public eye, accenting her personality in the minds of many people who would not know an Elisabeth Rethberg from a Lotte Lehmann or a Bidu Sayao from a Jarmila Novotna. Certain white prima donnas have remarked with the proverbial jealousy of their kind that *they* suffer from a racial handicap. They have, however, never felt the sting of such episodes as the refusal of the Daughters of the American Revolution to permit Miss Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall, the Daughters' auditorium in Washington.

As a classical singer she has left others of her race — such as Hayes, Robeson and Dorothy Maynor — far behind. Her voice is one of the great instruments of our time, eminently musical in quality, rich in color, resilient, ample in range and invariably used with skill and sure instinct. If at times her high notes have a somewhat reedy stridency and her low register something of a "blues" quality, neither characteristic is unpleasant, although they might be considered imperfections by the musical purist. Her half-voice is warm and exquisite and her phrasing is meticulous. One has only to hear Miss Anderson's rendition of a spiritual to know that her patent of authority in such songs comes from her very blood.

II

Now forty-four, Marian Anderson was born in the poverty-stricken Negro belt of South Philadelphia. Her mother, a onetime schoolteacher in Virginia, had come to Philadelphia to be married around the turn of the century, and after bearing several children, suffered the loss of her husband. To keep the family alive Marian's mother went to work as a washerwoman. Meanwhile Marian decided at six that she wanted to become a violinist. There was a violin in a nearby pawnshop priced at $3.45, a tremendous sum to a poor child. But by scrubbing steps around the neighborhood for five and ten cents, Marian finally got the violin. "I remember," she says, "asking the shopkeeper if it was really a good violin. He told me that it was indeed and I played it until the strings gave way."

That her voice was a superior musical instrument began to be evident when she was eight and joined the junior choir of her church. "I learned four parts of every song," she relates, "soprano, alto, tenor and even bass. If the bass were absent I would sing his part, an octave higher." The church singing led to outside engagements at

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which Marian was billed as "the ten-year-old contralto." Fees for these appearances ran to as much as $5. Once when a men's group asked Marian to sing, she decided to clutch destiny by the forelock and demand $10. The committee countered with an offer of $7.50. Marian was obdurate. "That girl of yours is going to make money out of singing, maybe $50 a concert," a member advised her mother. "We thought he was crazy," Miss Anderson recalls.

Since it was plain that Marian had a marvelous but untutored voice, her church decided to underwrite singing lessons for her and collected nickels and dimes for the purpose. When Marian was nineteen and finishing high-school, her principal sent her to the late Giuseppe Boghetti for an audition. She sang *Deep River*. "When she was finished," Boghetti later related, "I just couldn't move. She had none of the refinements. She simply sang it the way she felt it, with all her natural feeling for music. She has never sung it better since." Boghetti promptly took Marian under his wing and her church folk, who had raised $226 for her first lessons, now set about raising another $500 for further instruction.

Although Miss Anderson's appearance at New York's Lewisohn Stadium in 1925 is generally regarded as her singing début, she had appeared before that in an informal recital in Philadelphia's Witherspoon Hall and made her formal début with the Philharmonic Society of Philadelphia under Josef Pasternak in 1923. Two years later, when she was twenty-three, Boghetti entered her in a contest in New York for an *al fresco* appearance with the Philharmonic Symphony Society at the Stadium.

There were over 200 contestants, but when Marian Anderson appeared, halfway through the auditions, to sing an aria that had already been heard three times that day, she caused a furore. The informal audience spontaneously broke a hard and fast rule against applause and the judges eventually handed her the award. The aria, "O Mio Fernando" from Donizetti's *La Favorita*, is a lament in the grand manner that Miss Anderson has since made peculiarly her own, singing it at several important débuts, here and abroad, and making it a staple on her programs. That summer when, still an unknown, she sang "Fernando" at the Stadium, one prescient critic referred to her as "a voice in a thousand, in ten thousand, nay in a hundred thousand."

However, as far as the public was concerned, Miss Anderson was just one being among 130,000,000. A prominent manager signed her to a contract and sent her out on a round of engagements. He failed, however, to sell her except to Negro organizations at modest fees.

"For six years she toured," Boghetti said later, "and while she received excellent reviews, it just seemed that she could get no public. It was then I convinced her that if she didn't go to Europe to sing, it would only be

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a question of time when her early momentum would be lost and she would be forgotten." In 1931, aided by a Julius Rosenwald scholarship, the contralto went to Europe.

Her first concert, in Berlin, was hardly a brilliant one; the appearance cost her $500. Thereafter she set herself to a period of study. Fortunately, a concert manager in Stockholm named Helmer Enwall had heard of the recital and sent Kosti Vehanen, later to become Miss Anderson's accompanist, to Berlin to hear her. A Negro girl with the name of Anderson, declared Enwall, certainly would be a success in Sweden, where the name Anderson is common and Negroes unique. She sang for Vehanen and Enwall promptly engaged her on Vehanen's report. Thus was her real concert career launched.

Three concert seasons in Scandinavia were eminently successful. Miss Anderson broke them up with trips through Europe and home. She toured Denmark, Norway, Sweden and Finland, singing before the kings of Denmark and Sweden and receiving a decoration from the latter. Sibelius, whom she visited, dedicated his song *Solitude* to her. She sang in Paris and London, and toured Italy, Austria, Spain, Poland, Latvia and Russia. In the last country she was received enthusiastically; the great Constantin Stanislavsky invited her to stay and study *Carmen* under his direction. In 1935 she made a sensational appearance at the Mozarteum in Salzburg and after the recital Arturo Toscanini, who was in the audience, expressed a desire to meet her. When the flattered manager said he would ask Miss Anderson to come down, Toscanini replied: "No, thank you; I shall go up to see her."

III

Miss Anderson's native America was ready to accept her when her European reputation was once made, although several managers hesitated until Sol Hurok came along. She returned home in 1935 for a memorable recital on December 20 at Carnegie Hall in New York, a recital that caused the critic of the New York *Times* to say, "She returns to her native land one of the great singers of our age." She was also a brave one; few in the audience that night knew until informed at intermission time that under her flowing gown Miss Anderson's leg was in a plaster cast, the result of a fall on shipboard a few days before her arrival.

Ironically enough, when Miss Anderson returned home for her big recital, although she had lived in the finest hotels in Europe, she could not get admittance to a downtown hotel in New York, having to go to Harlem to live. Later on, friends arranged an apartment reservation in one of the older mid-city hotels, but she has never been quite comfortable there. Her country's subsequent attitude toward her has been as confusing and mixed as this early reception.

She has received several honorary

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university degrees, among them one from Smith College. Her fellow Negroes have often honored her, and she holds the Spingarn medal awarded to the Negro who has achieved marked success and honored his race. Other cultural and racial groups, such as Brith Sholom, have honored her for the improvement in inter-racial relations which her work and character have achieved.

In 1941 she received the Bok Award of her home town, awarded annually to that citizen who has contributed most to Philadelphia, thereby joining a select circle that included such earlier winners as Leopold Stokowski, Russell Conwell, Dr. Chevalier Jackson and Connie Mack.

Characteristically enough, Miss Anderson took the $10,000 that goes with the Bok medal and set up the Marian Anderson Awards, by which ten aspiring young singers regardless of color or creed each year get a cash scholarship to help them in their studies. Characteristic, too, was her brief speech when she accepted the Bok prize. Deeply affected, the shy, highly religious woman said, trying with difficulty to keep the tears back: "There is something women do when things get too much for them. But in the words of the spiritual 'I've opened my mouth to the Lord, and I shall never go back.' "

In 1939 what the late Heywood Broun described as "one of the most monstrous and stupid things that have happened in America in years" took place, when the Daughters of the American Revolution barred Miss Anderson because of her color from a recital in Constitution Hall, their auditorium in Washington which is used for the city's music events. The incident aroused a storm of indignation. Mrs. Eleanor Roosevelt resigned from the organization, and Secretary of the Interior Harold Ickes arranged instead for Miss Anderson to sing at the Lincoln Memorial to an estimated crowd of 75,000.

Three years later, when the war was on, the DAR on its own initiative invited Miss Anderson to sing in Constitution Hall for a war relief concert. When her manager agreed on condition that there be no segregation among the audience and that the singer have use of the hall in the future for regular recitals, the DAR withdrew its invitation, causing the manager to say: "The DAR hasn't become one bit wiser since it was taught a lesson by public opinion in 1939." Miss Anderson, however, accepted the invitation on the DAR's terms in order to aid an Army fund.

Until two years ago when she was forty-two, Miss Anderson was unmarried despite the insistence of Giuseppe Boghetti that "neither man nor contralto was meant to live alone." Then in 1943 she married Orpheus Fisher, a New York architect, and the happiness and greater social activity her married life has brought her seem to have found expression in a warmer, less regimented artistic style. As Mrs. Fisher, the contralto is simple in her tastes and demeanor; as Marian An-

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derson she is queenly and fond of expensive gowns. Her taste for fine clothes was developed in Europe; after a long struggle with various designers she decided that Molyneux and the Viennese Czettel came closest to fitting her out properly. In the United States her clothes are especially created for her by Paul Engel. What she pays for her "working clothes" is something Miss Anderson keeps a secret even from her husband. When checks she sends to Engel are returned by her bank, she destroys them.

Not a showman in the popular sense, Miss Anderson offstage is easy, graceful and unassuming. She doesn't care for large parties and declines to act the celebrity at the few she does attend. She usually keeps early hours, will take a glass of champagne on special occasions, but otherwise doesn't indulge in much frivolity. Essentially a deeply religious person, she is unusually modest — a rare quality in a successful artist. Managers, agents and recording engineers are agreed that she gives them less trouble than any other singer of like calibre. Although her circle of friends, white and black, is fastidiously limited, Miss Anderson is good company among them, always willing to laugh and to entertain with informal jazz recitals on the piano, which she plays by ear with gusty inaccuracy. She is an avid collector of jazz records and owns an enormous library of recordings by all the popular dance bands.

Outside of music, highbrow as well as popular, Miss Anderson's interests are not numerous. Mostly they are focused on the apple of her eye, eight-year-old James Anderson DePriest, the son of her widowed sister, Mrs. Ethel DePriest. The chance of a romp with Jimmy will take the diva miles out of her way even when she is on tour. She has lavished money and care on her immediate family, and has been a liberal though anonymous donor to outside charities, particularly among her own race.

Since her marriage she has spent more time than ever at Marianna Farm, the 105-acre place which she bought four years ago near Danbury, Conn. The estate has a 21-room colonial house with rooms especially furnished to accommodate Jimmy, her mother and two sisters. A studio a half-mile from the main house gives her privacy for work when she wants it. A good deal of her spare time at Marianna Farm is spent experimenting in the kitchen. Miss Anderson likes the idea of running a home, but better still loves to cook and is noted for her gingerbread.

As with many busy artists, Miss Anderson's home is too much just a place to touch base between tours to suit her strong instinct for domesticity. When traveling she takes as much of her *lares* and *penates* along as possible, her extensive luggage in pre-ration days including besides her "working clothes" and large wardrobe of street apparel, a phonograph, radio, recording machine, sewing machine, electric iron and portable cooking utensils. The sewing machine she likes to use

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in spare time to make pajamas for herself and slacks to wear while on the farm.

Miss Anderson never studied for the operatic stage, claiming that the concert hall and opera house were divergent careers. Yet she has occasionally said, rather wistfully, that she would like to try an operatic rôle, Carmen or Aïda preferred. So far, however, no opera company has seen fit to invite her.

Although Miss Anderson has received many commercial film offers, including a reputed one of $50,000 to sing one song, she has turned them all down. She believes that films do not advance the cause of good music, playing down rather than up to its audiences in musical taste. She has been filmed just three times, during the Lincoln Memorial concert in Washington in 1939; for a March of Time educational short, and last fall, singing "Ave Maria," for a Signal Corps Christmas song-short.

Although she had to cross the Atlantic to win recognition at home, Miss Anderson now feels that the Negro artist is at last coming into his own here.

"I don't believe the opportunity for Negro musicians is limited in America," she told the writer some time ago. "There are so many different kinds of people in this country that one can always find someone who will appreciate and understand what an artist of any race is doing. There's a spiritual called *Stay in the Field.* I think that might be a good motto for Negro musicians. If they will stay in the field, they will be recognized in time according to their worth."

THE behavior of men to the lower animals, and their behavior to each other, bear a constant relationship. — HERBERT SPENCER

THE slave has but one master; the man of ambition has as many as there are people useful to his fortune. — JEAN DE LA BRUYÈRE

AMBITION often puts men upon doing the meanest offices; so climbing is performed in the same posture with creeping. — JONATHAN SWIFT

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LINE OF DUTY

A Story

By John Elliott

Agard was tired of lying with his left forearm and hand propped up on a pillow. He pressed the bulky elasticized bandage against the lacerated edges of the wound. It hadn't looked like much of a hand when the bullet had first ploughed through — just a shaking piece of red meat. Where the glove had been torn open, blood welled up in the hole. It soaked into the fur lining, turning the leather into a bulging container of blood and overflowing in dark streams that dripped off the sides into the snow. The knuckles were gone and the pain burned as if a hot poker had been rammed into the palm. The glare of the snow hurt his eyes as he ran downhill back to the platoon Command Post where the medic worked the glove loose. He wondered what kept the fingers joined to his hand; two looked as though they were coming off with the glove.

While the medic applied first aid, he told the noncoms as much as he could about the machine gun in the edge of the woods and gave his rubber arctics and wool muffler to one of the new replacements. His runner picked up the battered glove and offered it to him. "Keep the damned thing," Agard said. "I'll never need it again." He felt angry and ashamed that he had been hit. The pain was mounting.

At the Battalion aid station they had powdered it again with sulpha and recorded the details on the WIA tag. He was surprised by the date on the tag; somewhere he had lost a day. He read the card curiously while the doctor cut through the layers of clothing to administer morphine. WIA... GSW (mg. 31) LOD, check... Wounded In Action — he didn't care enough to figure the rest out. The morphine didn't help at all. The poker was still wedged through his palm and he began to feel nauseated.

He was in the evacuation circuit which brought him in a series of long jolting journeys from where he had been hit three hundred yards in front of the outpost line, back through the various echelons of the Theatre of

JOHN ELLIOTT *is the* nom-de-plume *of an American Army officer now back in this country convalescing from wounds received in action during the last days of the war against Germany.*

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Operations into Com Z — Communications Zone, England. At the end of the ride, Kraut prisoners carried the litter patients from the ship to a hospital train on the docks. When they lifted his stretcher, Agard tried to crawl off but the Negro guards reassured him. "Naw suh, Lootenant, they ain't never dropped one of our boys yet and they know they ain't gonna live long ef'n they do. Jus' relax, Lootenant, we'se watching close."

The hospital train was English and the nurses spoke with a Welsh twang. It made him feel as though he were coming home again. He had trained in Wales for five weeks.

Like most combat casualties, he was dazed and disorganized at first but now he had a clearer idea of his condition. His feet were painful; he had just missed frostbite. The old concussion from the time when the roof had been blown off across the street from him was still painful but nothing to worry about. It was only the hand. He knew now what the medical terms meant: GSW (mg. 31) LOD, check. Gunshot wound, machine gun, 31 calibre. Line of duty, yes. Compound comminuted fracture, first and second metacarpals and proximal phalanges. Perforating, severe, drainage.

The ward was drowsy and quiet. A hospital is lively in the morning and evening but rests in the afternoon. The radio played swing music to which nobody listened. It was just another hour in a string of days whose routine never varied. Breakfast at 0630, mail at 0830, dinner at 1130, supper at 1630, lights out at 2200. He never left the bed except to go to the latrine thirty-five paces away, and that seemed like a good-sized jaunt. Today was as empty as yesterday and interchangeable with tomorrow. The music which he had welcomed so much the first few days was now a never-ending background of objectionable noise. According to his most optimistic guess, his mail wouldn't catch up with him for at least a month.

Two weeks here tomorrow. Agard hadn't remained that long in one place during the last two months. Two weeks of monotony that seemed much longer.

The door at the far end of the Nissen hut opened and he recognized the walk of the Chief of Surgical Service. The Colonel limped down the central aisle, turning up the metal name plates fixed to each bed. Agard watched him approach, wondering which officer he was seeking. When the Colonel stopped at his own bed, he was surprised.

"Agard, how would you like to go home?" The Colonel's manner was slow and patient with the understanding of those who talk with the newly wounded.

"Go home? Why, I just got here!" Disbelief echoed in each word.

"No, really. We're going to Z.I. you and send you back to the States for treatment."

"I can't believe it. Why, I've only been over six months."

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The Colonel answered but he hardly heard his assurances. The Z.I. — Zone of Interior. Home. *Home.* The word hung like a gigantic headline across the wall. He couldn't believe it. While the Colonel talked, Agard kept gazing at the three yellow bars on his sleeve — more than eighteen months overseas. Three Hershey bars on his sleeve, but Agard was going home first. The Colonel smiled and rose to leave.

II

Agard sat in a happy trance, surveying the ward as though taking a farewell look. It was changed now, transient. The traction beds in the corner near the nurse's cubicle, the wheelchair near the stove, the thirty enameled iron cots spaced at exact intervals through the long hut, the white arching curve of the Nissen roof with cracks in the plaster — they would all be gone soon. He wasn't going to look at them forever. He reached over and pushed the next bed.

"Hey, Mac, MacGlone, did you hear what the Colonel said?"

The paratrooper stirred and looked at him sleepily. "What?"

"I'm going home. How's that for news? He just told me I'm Z.I.'d."

The paratrooper raised himself on one elbow. "That's a goddamned million-dollar wound you got."

"Ain't it the truth, Jumper Boy? That's the way to do it," Agard exclaimed gleefully. "Take me home and leave me there — hero or no hero! I'll make up all the bloody lies about combat they'll ever want to hear but let me get home first."

"You lucky bastard," the paratrooper repeated with emphasis. "How soon you leaving?"

"I dunno. What the hell difference does it make? I got it made now, I got a space on the return boat and that's the one that counts. It's gonna be a round-trip ticket after all and not in the refrigerator either."

"Yeah, you got it made, kid. You'll be seeing the good ol' U.S.A. and the Statue of Liberty again. That's something. Throw her a snappy highball for me, will yah?"

"You're not kidding, Mac. I'll slide into the harbor and say to her, 'Sweetheart, put out your light, your wandering boy is home tonight.' "

"Like hell," the paratrooper retorted peevishly. "That's not what I said. Just throw her a highball and stand at attention. You may have Z.I. fever but there are a lot of Joes who're still sweating it out and I don't mean Property of Quartermaster tagged on the body in the refrigerator either."

The paratrooper's antagonism took the edge off Agard's enthusiasm. "I didn't mean it that way, Mac, and you know it." He understood his irritability: two wounds — and the Board was still returning him to duty. Agard tried to explain how unexpectedly the news had come. He felt as though he were apologizing for his good fortune.

"It's just that I was lying here in

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England one minute and home's a million miles away, not even thinking of it, not knowing when I'm gonna see it again and then he comes in and asks how would I like to go home. I thought it was a survey or something. Jesus, I still can't believe it. That Colonel's a wonderful guy. I wish all the Brass were like him instead of some I've seen parading around."

"Yeah, I'd think he was a wonderful guy too if he brought me news like that," the paratrooper agreed moodily. "Well at least it proves one thing."

"What's that?" Agard asked.

"That they run some ships back to the States. Maybe it's more than a rumor." He began to grin. "Somebody ought to warn those goddamned civilians back home to lock up the bars and hide the women and children, especially the little girls over eighteen. God help them, Agard's coming home!"

"You damned psychoneurotic!" Agard threw his pillow at the paratrooper who was ridiculing him. "When they finally throw you out of the ETO, somebody else will be able to get Scotch again and those Piccadilly Commandos will starve to death. Six pounds for one night! You're as bad as the damned Air Corps. Without your jump pay, those poor girls might have to work for a living. It's a few guys like you that'll make the Limeys say twenty years from now: 'This war, just send us the uniforms. You gave us the Americans the last time you were over.' "

The paratrooper grinned amiably. "That's just Lend-Lease equipment, cementing friendly relations, that's all."

He raised his voice to forestall any interruption. "Hell, Agard, you're no damned sightseer yourself. How about that Cardiff girl — the one who said she had eleven American officers and one topkick? And I suppose you never hung around Pig Alley before the MPs closed in on Paris."

"Well, Mac, that's not for me any more. From now on, just give me my wife. Maybe just one last fling before I go up the gangplank but from now on it's only the little woman." The two laughed. It was the speech required of every married man who was going home.

"I wonder, Mac, if I'll get home in time for my wedding anniversary."

"Christ, are you sweating it out already?" the paratrooper asked impatiently. "The guy's just been told he's going home and now he wants to pick the exact day. You're a case, all right, but they got you in the wrong ward. Tell them to put you in with the psychos."

"Ain't it the truth?" Agard conceded his own selfishness. "I got those Z.I. blues. Remember that old chaplain who came in the first day that I was here and sang:

> Don't Z.I. me if you don't mean it,
> Don't give me hopes if they're not true.
> Just send me back to my old country
> And I will wave the Flag for you."

"I remember him all right," replied the paratrooper. "He was in Nor-

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mandy the first time I came back. He's just ETO-happy like the rest of us old timers. Ever hear his other verse that goes like this?

Don't Z.I. me if you don't mean it,
Don't give me hopes if they're not true.
First they say that you are sailing
And then they have no room for you."

Agard got the point. "Hey, wait a minute. Let's not be beating our gums like that."

"Don't worry about it," advised the paratrooper carelessly. "You're on your way, USO Boy. No more overseas pay for you back there with the Paragraph Troopers. Now back to the sack for me. You know how us combat men need our sleep. You'll read about us in the paper when we make the Rhine jump and say, 'I knew them when.' Well, wake me up for chow, USO Boy. That's your speed now."

He rolled over, ending the conversation.

III

Agard felt the words rankle within him, undermining his joy and making him uneasy. He had called others that when they had been Z.I.'d and knew it was never meant in fun. It was born of envy and jealousy and bitterness. The million-dollar wound that Z.I.'d you. He had what everybody else up there always prayed for. He got it and he was going home. The more he thought about it, the farther his exhilaration ebbed. He was dropping his share while others were still carrying theirs. He'd be excluded from that closed circle of fighting comradeship and he'd never see his men again. Agard pictured his platoon as they fought in the snow, but he knew the faces were different. Even before he had been wounded, they were mostly new men, replacements, not the ones he had lived with so long in the States. They weren't the men he had seen walking with their wives and girls on week-end passes in the nearest soldier-filled town.

Replacements were all right and everybody wanted them, but they seemed to get hit before you could remember their names and faces. You didn't owe them anything. They didn't really belong; they came because the real ones got hit and so they filled in as ammo bearers or number-two gunners. But they weren't the men that he had commanded, cajoled, bribed and argued into a fighting unit — the men that he had inspected in ranks every Saturday and issued week-end passes and loaned money to at the end of the month. He knew their clothing sizes and handwriting, and sometimes their serial numbers. He had censored their mail and held their personal secrets and was proud that they liked and respected him in turn. They had been his boys to punish and compliment, and he was jealous of any officer in the company who tried to give them an order. He had taken them into action and they had been killed. He could run through the roster and except for a handful out of the thirty-

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four, add after each name, KIA, WIA or Missing. Now they were checked names in his notebook; to others they were sons, husbands, brothers and sweethearts. Few of those women would be happy with their men again. There were letters that he should write to them. They would read each line with sorrowing eagerness, treasuring the scraps of information that went beyond the War Department's starred telegrams and said something about their own particular man.

If he wrote those letters, what could he say that would help?

"I knew the one you loved. He was three men behind me in the column when we moved into a little town under light harassing fire. A mortar shell landed and he was the only casualty. There was nothing we could do for him and he felt no pain. We took his rifle because we needed it but we left him in the snowbank near a sapling and hung his shelter half over it so our burial details would be sure to pick him up. His best friend is sending back the wallet and pictures.

"I was his platoon leader and he was a good machine gunner. He once introduced me to you when you came to visit the camp last summer. He thought the world of you and the little girl. I can't tell you how sorry I am."

That sort of end wasn't too bad. It was quick and clean and had a kind of martial dignity. The truth wasn't always so easy. What could he write to Trenkle's people? They had asked him in the way that parents do to take good care of their boy. How could you tell them the truth? Trenkle got himself killed because he was too damned dumb to remember the password. When he crawled out of his hole to find the squad leader and check on the password again, a shell hit him. Later, they laid him in a barn and shot him with morphine so he would stop screaming. During the counter-attack, everybody was too busy to worry about Trenkle. He died there on the dirty straw floor of the barn fifteen minutes before the ambulance finally came. When they lifted him onto the stretcher, his hands rolled off his stomach and into the muddy straw. That's how he died.

Even if they didn't tell the cold dirty truth, letters didn't do any good. Those crying women wanted to read that the War Department had made a terrible mistake — that their soldier was alive and well.

In their grief and bitterness they would blame him for that death and ask why was he so lucky to be alive and with so little hurt. They wouldn't understand that each time a man was killed in your outfit, the law of averages tightened the noose around your own life. You were just a little statistic sliding farther and farther down the long hill. They wouldn't understand how a man lives or dies according to the law of averages and blind personal luck. A step faster or slower, a second earlier or later makes all the difference. How could he explain that he was alive on a fluke? The chinstrap an inch above his ear had been cut in

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two and the helmet shot off his head; the narrow rim of the left lens of the fieldglasses had deflected the bullet into his hand. A quarter of an inch windage allowance and he would have been a stiffening corpse, frozen to the hillside. How could you explain that to anybody?

IV

The first wave of exultation and rejoicing wouldn't return. The whole stardust dream of home resolved itself into a series of interminable delays. Going home would be like the evacuation circuit all over again. From this hospital by ambulance convoy to a General Hospital, by train to the docks, and at least twelve seasick days of ocean. He saw himself sweating out the inevitable delays of redistribution: drawing bedding, standing in chow-lines, assignment to another hospital and filling out more forms. He could anticipate the days of pain that would follow another operation, and finally the anticlimactic return home on pass. Riding up five flights in a slow elevator and waiting for the door to open. He'd be in the living room surrounded by them and they'd want to know how it was. You couldn't tell them, "It's nice to be back but I don't belong home now. There's still a war on." They would say, "Nonsense, you've done your part, you've been wounded. Let somebody else be a hero. We've gone through enough just worrying about you. Sit down and let's see how you look."

They would find that he looked well, considering everything, and ask about chances for a discharge and tell him how everybody was dying to see him. They wouldn't comprehend his attitude: it wasn't a matter of being a hero or *wanting* to go back. It's just that it's wrong to be home and safe while it's still unfinished. It's being lonely and missing friends. It's living as no civilian can ever live — feeling the tremendous unbounded thrill of power when you kill. Hate the war and fear death, but its terrible lure and staggering immensity could neither be denied nor its attractiveness explained. He thought of the excitement, the freedom from nagging responsibilities, the overwhelming emotional maelstrom in hunting and killing other human beings. It was being a dynamic agent in a terrible carnage. It was life with a depth and intensity that made everything else drab and meaningless.

They wouldn't understand and if he told them they would be shocked and encourage him to get over it. They would feel terrible about the hand and console themselves. "Well, at least we're lucky that it's the *left* hand." And eventually he would become as soft and fat and dull as any of them. There would be a job and a home and the daily run on the treadmill between them. The long gray life stretched out in front of him. Years from now, he and other flabby middle-aged men would put on imitation uniforms, chase women, brawl foolishly and create the usual temporary

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riot in a drunken effort to recapture the terrible vibrancy of the days of their youth.

He stopped thinking and stared at the floor. In the dull lustreless linoleum he saw his tracks in the snow-covered hillside and the dirty barn where Trenkle's hands rolled off his stomach and into the muddy straw.

He broke the image, startled by its reality and detail. "Jesus Christ," he thought, "I must be going psycho." He looked down at his hand and eased the pressure of the bandage. The saline solution was drying and the pain felt as though a powerful vise were crushing every bone.

Psycho wasn't the answer and he knew it. It was the realization that he was alive while others were dead, that he was going home while others were not. It was a strange sense of guilt which he couldn't shake off. He tried to argue himself out of it. "The guys you loved are gone. You just survived them on fool's luck. It's just the way it works out, that's all. Those days around Le Batty and Ammonines are gone and you wouldn't want to live them over again if you could. You can't fight the same fights again and you can't fight them forever."

It was all so simple and hopeless. When you're young, you want to be old; when you're old, you want to be young. When it gets tough, you want to get hit light and get out. When you're in a warm hospital with sheets on the bed, you think how lucky the civilians are. And when you're going home to be a civilian, you wish to God you could go back up again.

He moved his wounded hand, seeking a more comfortable position. For a moment he wished it had been the whole arm instead of a few fingers.

The lower animals have not the high advantages which we have, but they have some which we lack. They know nothing of our hopes, but they also know nothing of our fears; they are subject to death as we are, but they are not aware of it; most of them are better able to take care of themselves than we are, and they make a less evil use of their passions. — C. L. De Montesquieu

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THE WEATHER BUSINESS

By Julietta K. Arthur

Ever since the Egyptians gaped at Joseph's foresight in storing up grain for the seven lean years, men have peered into the clouds for a way to foretell floods and storms and droughts. World War II is giving a tremendous impetus to mankind's dream of this weather Utopia.

Long-range forecasting, in one form or another, is likely to be an important by-product of global warfare. Today, high strategy planners on both sides consider weather news as important a weapon as an armada of bombing planes or a battery of tanks.

Canny business men already know what this will mean. They are the mail-order houses who scan weather maps and prepare to fill orders from storm-bound farmers' wives three days after it rains in Texas or Wisconsin; or the railway lawyers who settle claims by cold weather records after huddled sheep drift leeward in freight cars and die.

In short, they are that portion of agriculture, commerce and industry which a prewar survey by the U. S. Weather Bureau showed were saving more than three billion dollars annually by exploiting the weather to stimulate production and curb losses. A wide expansion of that silver lining is what the storm clouds of this war are offering.

Just prior to 1941, the U. S. Weather Bureau succeeded in launching a five-day forecasting service, based on an intricate series of statistical charts on rainfall and temperature trends over a widespread area. That was deemed a considerable feat, and it still is.

In addition, long before Jap weather men made certain that rain, lightning and ice would obscure troop movements in the attack on Pearl Harbor, the Bureau collaborated with our military forces on experiments with thirty-day forecasting. The lid of censorship has not yet been lifted on the results of those forecasts, though guarded statements from military sources have already pronounced them "reasonably satisfactory."

Censorship is clamped equally tight on activities at Harvard's coronagraph observatory, perched 11,000 feet up in the Colorado mountains. Astrophysicists went there in 1940 to

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try to establish a definite link between weather around the sun and that around the earth's surface — cherished hope of generals since a French astronomer in the Crimean War more or less accidentally plotted a storm on the Black Sea. For five years the coronagraph has been taking colored snapshots every ten seconds daily, each film strip recording the corona's tumult over given periods. What bearing the daily film strips have on global long-range forecasting, and how our military forces have used these and other devices must necessarily be secret till Japan is conquered.

This much can be told now: at the very least we shall be able to use weather as a peacetime tactical weapon, powerful as bombs.

Tomorrow's farmer will not have to rely on dreams. Along with industrialists, engineers, aviators and prospective vacationers, he will be able to consult weather calendars as readily as his father did the almanac — and with considerably more profit.

A man ready to plough his acres in Oklahoma's Dust Bowl, for instance, will be able to choose a date to plant corn so that it will sprout when a killing drought is least apt to occur. The Climate and Crop Division of the U. S. Weather Bureau has ways to let him know if the ground is likely to be too wet to seed his grains in March, or if it is apt to be warm enough to plant clover. He will also be reasonably sure of the number of rainy days during the month and what his chances are for sunny weather. If he wants to ship spring produce north by plane or train, he can find out well in advance whether he ought to bed down his eggs or early fruit in straw against a late eastern freeze.

II

This, in over-simplified form, is a layman's look at long-range weather expectancy tables, such as airmen are using now. These tables emanate from the Pentagon in Washington, nerve center for forecasting stations scattered from Arctic islands to tropical atolls. They give the "least," "most likely," and "greatest" number of days in any one month when cloudiness, freezing temperatures, fog, snowfall, or rain can be expected, yielding valuable hints about visibility and sky-cover yet to come. Along with the minimums and the means of temperature goes representative "good" or "bad" weather news plotted on what the AAF calls "fingerprint maps," intricate and finely drawn yet easy for the initiated to read.

When we raided the Gilbert and Marshall Islands, for instance, our planes left their carriers under good flying conditions, calculated long in advance. When they returned to their flat-tops, they were brought to deck just a few instants before an anticipated bout of bad weather came to protect the carrier fleet from aerial reprisals until it was beyond the danger zone.

That is the tag end of the story

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which began when General H. H. Arnold, in command of the Army Air Forces, called for forecasts so that B-29's could move safely from the United States to their operational bases in China. No meteorologist had ever charted such a flight before; its range was more than half the distance around the world. Yet by 1944 the AAF's Weather Division, swelled by more than 9000 per cent to 30,000 weather specialists, was predicting climatological changes over sixteen million square miles — five times the area of the United States.

On desolate ledges along the Greenland coast, men began observing weather from huts lashed down by cables against a wind that never blows less than ninety miles an hour. Meteorologists went into Pacific jungles, carrying their equipment on their backs, getting ready to operate while landing strips were still being laid down.

All that wasn't enough. The Army and the Navy and the Air Forces clamored for information on weather conditions anywhere from two days to a month ahead for any spot on the globe on which they might have to fight. Meteorologists said it couldn't be done. They pointed to a weighty investigation sponsored by a Congressional research fund as late as 1939 which summarily rejected all known attempts at long-range forecasting as a combination of luck, the law of averages and scientific guess-work. This stand was taken despite the fact that Hitler had made good use of Germany's long-range weather institute, set up years before a methodical calculation of a long dry spell put the Poles at the Wehrmacht's mercy.

Yet, in spite of the opposition in and out of the armed forces to what was termed in some quarters "weather fortune-telling," scientists are now drawing pictures of what weather will be like at the end of forty-eight hours, a week, or a month. "With sufficient accuracy," as General Arnold pointed out in his first report to Secretary of War Stimson, "to permit of making preparatory plans for future operations."

III

Today, all over the world at an appointed hour of Greenwich time, observations simultaneously taken at thousands of stations pour by radio and teletype into forecasting headquarters in Washington. From this vast network a weather map of the northern hemisphere is drawn four times each day. Every twelve hours it is transmitted back to outpost stations so that observers may see how their sector fits into the giant weather pattern. As a result, no military operation — whether it is a minor sortie by Rangers, a bombing mission on Tokyo, a naval bombardment of a Pacific island, or a ground attack — will ever be blue-printed unless information is first ascertained about clouds, winds, temperature, upper air, barometric pressure and precipitation.

Some examples of weather strategy

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in this war have already become military classics. At Rabaul, for instance, it was the detailed plotting of upper air data long in advance which made possible the sinking of many Japanese ships anchored in the harbor. A smoke screen was our main weapon, designed to shut off Jap anti-aircraft nests in the hills, blotting out their aim on our planes that were to skip-bomb the enemy vessels. Stable air was required so that the smoke would settle in a thick curtain around and in front of Japanese ack-ack installations; low wind velocity was also needed so that our screen would not suddenly veer and cover the target instead. Attack waited on meteorologists' word that conditions would be exactly as ordered.

Such exacting data, demanding a knowledge not only of the winds that sweep down from the poles but the breezes that rustle the leaves of forests, taxed the ingenuity of both civilian and military weather men. What they had to build on is a governmental weather bureau, second to none in the world, with seventy-five years of experience behind it. (It is worth noting that it was the Army Signal Corps which in 1870 inaugurated our national meteorological service on a regular basis by using the telegraph to transmit forecasts.)

Military might has always been a powerful friend of weather science. The food shortage imposed on neutral Norway in World War I goaded Vilhelm Bjerknes and a small group of physicists to pierce the atmosphere for the benefit of Norwegian fishermen. They discovered that properties of air are often nearly the same over wide areas covering thousands of miles.

Warm air rises around the equator and cold air sinks at the poles. When pressure of an accumulation of a mass of cold air in the polar regions becomes great enough it begins to travel southward. The leading edge of this polar front is a cold weather factory which makes trouble when it meets a tropical air mass, spreading out from the area around the equator.

Stripped of technical language, weather forecasting is an attempt to judge what air masses will be over a certain region at a specified time; where they will meet and clash; and mathematical calculation of their characteristics — temperature, clouds, winds, air stability, speed.

IV

The state of atmosphere at any instant may be likened to a great jigsaw puzzle in which one lone weather observation is a single piece that reveals little or nothing. There must be round-the-clock observations three hundred and sixty-five days every year, made simultaneously by thousands of persons at a large number of places distributed over a major portion of the northern hemisphere. These, pieced together, give a composite view of daily weather as seen from the ground with instruments that delicately determine conditions no higher than a two-storey building.

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Add to that the news from the radiosondes, those two-pound measuring instruments that can ascend twenty miles in the air and send back signals as they go, the pilot balloon, or the theodolite, both of which can measure wind direction and velocity, and you get a tale which tells a story in code, transmitted by telegraph, teletype or radio from two to four times daily to a central station.

All this is translated into a map with isobars — those sweeping lines whose patterns show how air currents are moving — and isotherms — the curling lines which join when temperatures are equal. In peacetime, it boils down to the two-line report millions of business men turn to first on the radio or in the morning paper. Statistics show that forecasts are accurate for weather forty-eight hours in advance approximately 90 per cent of the time. That is one reason weather men could confidently predict tranquil waters in Sicilian harbors for our landing boats and rough waves all the way from North Africa. Midway in the European conflict airmen estimated that forecasts in the ten-day range were giving them a batting average above 60–75 per cent.

Without a Dumbarton Oaks plan or a San Francisco Conference meteorological scientists formed the first international league of nations — for the best of all possible reasons. Only such freely given exchange of information could make possible weather reports on an accurate scale for a particular country. Polar fronts are no respecter of political boundaries. In general, weather moves from west to east; we can better forecast operational tactics in Japan when we have weather data from Russia and China.

In time of war, all this friendly interchange is cut off. The enemy does his best to cloud signals and guard his own data. But he is unable to take away the mass of weather facts already accumulated over past years.

Long before Pearl Harbor, skilled technicians in Washington were piecing out meager information about past good and bad weather over hitherto ignored areas. Every old weather map, every scrap of information that could be unearthed was laboriously catalogued for possible later use. Finally, a way was found to tabulate all this material on cards — 35,000,000 of them, 105 tons, by the end of 1944, with 50,000 more added every month. Then we had a method of weather calculation as mathematically accurate as insurance companies' life-expectancy tables, and for the same reasons.

Given a large enough number of calculations involving sun, wind, snow, rain and fog over any area for as many years as observations exist, the probabilities of specific types of weather at a given time can be determined within a narrow range. The longer the records have been kept, the less chance of error.

By another route, Dr. C. G. Abbot, former Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution and long a student of the

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sun's variations and their effect on earth's weather cycles, last year risked his reputation to predict that in 1975 and 2020 severe droughts would occur that will seriously lower the water in the Great Lakes.

V

The first peacetime fruits of weather-expectancy tables are coming much sooner.

This spring, even before Germany's capitulation, the U. S. Department of Agriculture successfully completed its study of forty years of U. S. Weather Bureau records covering every climatic area of the continental United States. Applying the theory of probability used by insurance authorities, the Soil Conservation Service has evolved a technique which can gauge the sequence of dry or rainy days in any locality in the United States for virtually every day in the year.

Today a Pennsylvania farmer, working against time to protect himself from an Ohio River flood, can build his embankment when rain is least likely to cause erosion. Tomorrow a construction company will be able to use a weather chart to select non-freezing days to pour concrete.

But long-range weather planning tables will work no miracles. Dr. F. W. Reichelderfer, Chief of the U. S. Weather Bureau, thinks the possibility of saying what weather will be like for a particular time six months ahead — for example, to enable a copywriter to tell on July 4 what rainy day in September to feature umbrellas — is "about as remote as perpetual motion."

However, pressure of war has already helped us get new tools. Aircraft reconnaissance is one of them. Last September the storm which lashed 900 miles of the Atlantic Seaboard cost us $100,000,000 — only about one-third the devastation its equally violent predecessor of 1938 brought. One reason was the Army's lookout planes. When one of them finally found the 1944 storm center off the Bahamas, both pilot and co-pilot struggled at the controls with a 140-mile-an-hour wind which sheared 150 rivets off one wing alone. It was worth it. The sooner the core of calm at the heart of a tropical hurricane can be located, the earlier warnings of its route can be given. Instead of 1938's nearly five hundred fatalities, last year we had just 10 per cent of that number.

"Rawin" — a combination of radio and electronics devices which cannot at this time be revealed — will eventually enable us to use the radiosonde to pluck down data from the stratosphere, as vital to farmers' haying as to postwar commercial air travel at 30,000 feet. Currently, the U. S. Weather Bureau, which considers radar too costly, is jogging along on $12,000,000 annually — a small budget as government appropriations go.

There is probably not another government service anywhere in the world which gives as big a dime's worth for

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the ten cents it costs each citizen to know what future weather can do for his pleasure and his business. Specifically, it means everything from the wind-velocity records that Western Union studies to determine how many wires can be safely strung on a crossroads bar, to the Coney Island concessionaire who telephones the regional office at the Battery every Thursday for the week-end weather outlook.

With a paid staff of only a few thousand, the Bureau has had to spread itself thin. Already there are indications that after the war industry will make use of some of the thousands of meteorologists trained in the armed forces. One such "pilot" industrial weather forecasting unit, which hopes to work in conjunction with the U. S. Weather Bureau and the Civil Aeronautics Administration, aims to make weather correlation studies by which a business man will know exactly how much temperature, humidity, wind velocity, etc., affects his sales and production.

Weather is inexhaustible. It is the only great natural resource we can exploit forever. And weather science is the one peacetime occupation for which the ill winds of World War II have blown nothing but good.

TREE OF KNOWLEDGE

By B. Y. Williams

Half-past-seven's" eager eyes
Watch the clock's slow hands,
"Teach me, please, to tell the time!"
She demands.

Earnestly, persistently
Is the soft plea made —
Childhood's free unmeasured hours
She will trade

For the clipped apportionment
Of the days to be . . .
Slave, henceforward, to the clock's
Tyranny.

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DIPLOMA MILLS

By Adolph E. Meyer

Once an arduous and complicated task, today getting an academic degree may be almost as simple as getting a haircut. All that's needed is a little cash and a few years of time. And if one isn't too squeamish about the reputation of one's Alma Mater and is willing to renounce the joys of campus life, it is even possible to get a degree within a few months by correspondence.

Specializing in this sort of academic commerce, a number of schools are ready and eager, for a small fee, to convert anyone into a Ph.D., a Litt.D., or even a D.D. Most of them adorn themselves with impressive names, such as Oriental University, Lincoln-Jefferson University, the University of the Eastern United States. And nearly all of them cater to America's humbler folk — particularly to those whose early schooling stopped short of the sixth grade.

A few of these schools, moreover, have elected to cast their culture across the seas. The leader in this domain no doubt was the celebrated Intercollegiate University, which was incorporated in Kansas as an educational institution, with its main office in Chicago. Under Vice-Chancellor Crossley-Holland, M.A., D.C.L., D.Sc., M.D., F.Z.S., Intercollegiate specialized in hanging its M.A. on some of England's minor men of God — for $50; and for a few dollars more it was willing to bestow a dazzling D.C.L. Before the war this had grown into a roaring and profitable trade, but when wartime law prohibited sending money out of England, the Intercollegiate professors were obliged to suspend their work of international enlightenment.

Obviously, a great many mail-order universities are run by chiselers and shysters. Known as diploma mills, their schools are generally fly-by-night affairs engaged in the business of selling degrees for as low as $10 — with no questions asked. Since the owners of such enterprises never bother to apply for a state charter permitting them to operate an educational institution, they usually run afoul of the law. When this happens, they either land in a dungeon or shut

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down their booth and vanish, only to reappear after a short interval and quite promptly resume business in another state.

There are, however, a few correspondence universities which have taken great pains to be respectable. Not only do they operate legitimately under state charters which grant them the right to confer degrees, but they also issue expensive and impressive catalogues. With photographs of their president, their deans and full professors, male and female, and facsimiles of their handsome diplomas, these brochures describe in detail all the benefits to be derived from their courses and degrees. Most of these shrines of learning attract "students" by offering catalogues through advertisements in the leading pulp magazines, denominational journals and small rural newspapers.

II

A few schools like to make it clear that they are *bona fide* educational institutions. Meta Collegiate Extension, chartered in Nevada, for example, takes pains to declare itself to be "fully, firmly, and broadly established under the accredited, acknowledged, and nationally recognized laws, constitutional rights and rules." Meta's specialty has always been the Ph.D. for which it asks only $50 — "less 20% for cash." "Within three to four months," it goes on to promise, "the double (twice) engraved and then engrossed Meta Collegiate Diploma with its appropriate degree, and the gold seal attached, will be forthcoming, prepaid and insured."

Such dignity is unfortunately a rarity among mail-order Oxfords. Among the few that have attained it is the Taylor University of Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Sciences. Though not so ancient as Harvard, Taylor is one of the oldest correspondence universities in America. Founded shortly after World War I, T U was created, as it proudly reveals, by some of Chattanooga's "most respected citizens, including a philanthropic capitalist, merchant prince and captain of industry, a dentist, a manufacturer, a realty and insurance man, and a woman of high intelligence." Not only did these savants establish Taylor, but they also gave it its president and head professor, the renowned William Marcus Taylor, A.B., Ph.D., BP.D. As discoverer of the bio-psychodynamic sciences, Professor Taylor had no difficulty at all in procuring a charter from Tennessee for his university.

T U's aim is broad. "The world," it has proclaimed, "is our campus. Man is our theme." Quite naturally, it "tolerates no exaggerations."

> It is scientific. It knows how to get results and gets them. It can get them again and again. It teaches others how to do so. It carries the student through a course of self-study and self-discipline in the principles and laws of life and mind which have heretofore been unknown to him. By doing so he becomes a veritable bio-psychological human engineer.

What may be expected of such a fel-

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low has been lucidly explained by President Taylor:

> Bio-Psychology is of very practical value to those now rendering and those intending to render professional services of any kind . . . and to those who would in any manner serve as leaders and directors of men and/or of the affairs of men, as well as to those who seek self-development for their own enjoyment.

T U concentrates on making a "lecturer, counselor, educator, metaphysician, therapist through subjective-objective ortho-genetics"; actually many of its students have already climbed to the heights of professional fame. "Its pupils," Taylor proudly points out, "are from all over the world." And they include:

> Doctors, Osteopaths, Chiropractors, Bio-Chemists, Naturopaths, Preachers, Lawyers, Professors, Scientists, Social Workers, Psycho-Analysts, Business Men and Women, and ambitious students in all walks of life.

On its rosters there are also "several university graduates," besides a number of scholars whose earlier education "did not get beyond the first year of grammar school." Nobody, it seems, is ever too old to matriculate at T U, its oldest students being in their seventies. As for the youngest matriculants, no data are as yet available, though Dr. Taylor assures that "one is never too young to get started right in life."

Taylor's favorite doctor's degree is the one possessed by its president, the Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.). To obtain these letters, the student must take Taylor's Basic Course Number One besides "four units of work in the subject of Bio-Psycho-Genetics." This, it seems, "is a body-of-education with a soul and a soul-of-education with a body." Ordinarily its mastery would be a formidable task. Indeed, were it not for the fact that President Taylor personally instructs each one of his students, very few of them would ever be able to get a BP.D. Not only does the President thus help his candidates, but he even corrects their papers. For this he uses the famous Taylor Method "rather than the percentage basis as is customary."

Dr. Taylor gives his further unstinted co-operation by requiring his students to read only those books which he himself has written, such as Taylor's *Bio-Psychology*, Taylor's *Bio-Psycho-Dynamic Sciences* and Taylor's *Handbook of Bio-Psycho-Analytic Technique for the Doctor of Bio-Psychology*. All these works are included without cost in the tuition fee for the BP.D., which is only $115, or "cash in advance at time of enrollment, $103.50." Even if this is more than twice as much as the price charged for a Ph.D. by Meta Collegiate Extension, it must be remembered that a Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.) can practise "in any state or nation whose constitution declares the right of men and women to teach and lecture and carry on friendly converse."

Unlike Meta's Ph.D., moreover, Taylor's BP.D. carries with it some very special qualities. For instance,

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every Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.) is a "natural generator, condenser and storage battery of Bio-Psycho-Dynamics whenever he is naturally adjusted." Hence, he is able to eliminate "impotency, disease, failure and misery in man. . . ." One Taylor alumnus reports: "I have received my diploma, and it is fine. . . . Have removed two goiters."

Indeed, the files of the T U bulge with testimonials for the remarkable healing powers of Bio-Psychology. The following are just a few of the ailments it has succored:

> Arterio-sclerosis and nervous indigestion, suicidal mania, exhaustion, defective vision, epilepsy, palsy, asthma, deafness, kleptomania, domestic troubles, prostate trouble, insanity, rheumatism, universal arthritis, shell-shock, ptosis and colitis, fever, panic, dementia praecox, imbecility, tuberculosis.

Up to a few years ago Taylor University students were content, like their modest president, to get along with a simple BP.D. However, the immense value put upon the more standard degrees by the nation's large universities has compelled T U to meet the challenge.

And today any ambitious Taylor student who can "subscribe to the higher moral principles inherent in well-ordered human society," and is willing to pay a few extra dollars, can become not only a Doctor of Bio-Psychology (BP.D.), but also a Master of Science (Sc.M.), Doctor of Metaphysics (Ms.D.), Doctor of Philosophy, or Doctor of Divinity (D.D.).

III

Marvelous though T U may be, it has at least an equal in the celebrated College of Divine Metaphysics, once of St. Louis, but now in Indianapolis. C D M is chartered under the beneficent laws of Indiana and focuses on making its students "happy, healthy and prosperous." To do this, it reveals to them the secrets of Mind Action, which, it appears, "has everything to do with your health, the condition of your finances, and your environment and affairs." To teach Mind Action effectively, the College of Divine Metaphysics employs a great and learned faculty. Every member sports a doctor's degree, while their leader, President William H. Woodfin, has a Ph.D. and a D.D. So successful has been the work of these scholars that they have had to establish branch offices in Birmingham, Ala., and Cairo, Egypt.

Naturally, an institution like the College of Divine Metaphysics must be careful about the students it chooses to make "happy, healthy and prosperous." While it has no interest in their age, previous education, or even their intelligence, it does demand that they be "progressively inclined," and that they belong to "those who have obtained a glimpse of the Universal Law." Such people the College gladly leads to the Doctor of Metaphysics (Ms.D.), the Doctor of Psychology (Ps.D.), or the Doctor of Divinity (D.D.). There was a time when C D M also offered the P.T., or

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Practitioner of Truth. However, since a P.T. costs only slightly less than a Ps.D., most students preferred to become a doctor, with the result that today the P.T. has gone abegging.

Under the right conditions, and upon payment of $270 — or $243 cash in advance — a student may acquire all three of C D M's doctorates. Usually, however, he is counseled to start his study of Mind Action with the Ps.D. This consists of two courses and costs only $70. If you think this is somewhat high, then remember:

> At the College of Divine Metaphysics you study at home in your spare time, you are with your loved ones, your salary and income go right on uninterrupted, you have no room rent, railroad fare or board to pay. This greatly reduces your expense in obtaining a degree through our college.

C D M's most popular course is that of Practical Metaphysics. Created by President Woodfin, Ph.D., D.D., this course is based upon the simple hypothesis that "there is but one mind, one law, one principle, one substance in the universe, and I am one with all there is." The course, President Woodfin feels, "lays a foundation deep and broad." It's the only course, moreover, wherein "we tune in our own wave-length with the Universal Mind." Practical Metaphysics as expounded by Professor Woodfin steers the prospective Doctor of Psychology away from "the jungle of cynicism" to the "wider regions of faith and love." And it is also "free from empty theories and impractical ideas" in its discussion of these learned subjects:

The Silence
The Silence (Continued)
Intuition versus Hunch
Unseen Power
The Right Mental Attitude
Man's Power
The Object of Existence
How to Correct Evils
Cell Vibration

Metaphysical Healing is the College's *de luxe* course, intended primarily for its candidates for the Ms.D. and D.D. However, it is also recommended to those "who have a natural talent for healing. . . ." While it does not enable a student to remove two goiters upon receipt of his diploma (as at Taylor), the course gives "specific directions of various cases." Some of the curriculum includes:

The Law of Absent Treatment
Mental Chemistry
Mental Surgery
The Good of God in Foods
The Perfect Christ Body
Mental Cure of Croup, Diphtheria and Tonsilitis
Mental Cure of Catarrh and Deafness
Subconscious Errors
Cure of Female Troubles
Inmost Spiritual Breath
Cure of Constipation
The Cure of Kidney and Bladder Troubles
Spiritual Cure of Defective Vision

The high point of C D M's contribution to science, however, stems not from its courses, but from its work in Individual Guidance. Long before the remarkable Mr. Dunninger began to baffle his audiences, C D M seems to have anticipated his method.

> Each morning . . . the personnel of the College of Divine Metaphysics meets in

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the office of the President for a twenty-minute period of Silence. At this time our thoughts go out to our students and correspondents throughout the world. We know we reach and help our people everywhere. By taking part in this service, you will help to complete a circle of love and good will which encompasses the world. You will be greatly benefited yourself. . . . All those who have requested our assistance are especially remembered.

[redacted]udent desires "specific help on [redacted]problem," he is requested to [redacted]for a Treatment Card. This [redacted]e kept for three months and re[redacted] if desired." The price of this [redacted] is included in the tuition fee, [redacted]some people feel like making a [redacted]ffering from time to time."

IV

Only one other mail-order university can match Taylor University and the College of Divine Metaphysics: the College of Universal Truth, in Chicago. Chartered under the laws of Illinois, the College of Universal Truth is a mere stripling among the shrines of learning. Yet under its young President W. J. Atzbaugh, Ps.D., F.N.C., it promises soon to become as well-known as President Hutchins' much older University of Chicago. The College of Universal Truth has only a small faculty, but every member is a scholar with at least one doctor's degree. Professor Linda Howard Huber, who is an expert on such subjects as Cosmic Consciousness, Crystallization, Hell and the Outer Darkness, is an Ms.D. and a D.D., while her colleague, Professor Ada Gertrude Croft, who teaches "Glorious Life in the Living," is a Ms.D., U.T.D. and D.D.

The College of Universal Truth advertises its offerings on a national scale. It believes, quite justly, that you have the right "to enjoy life in a deeper, more lasting sense."

Health, wealth, success and happiness are your divine heritage. These will be part of your earthly experience after you become harmonious with the laws of the Universe. . . . The College of Universal Truth was created to help you. Your problems can be solved. Your health can return to you. Success can be yours for the taking. Happiness is awaiting you. . . . Decide now to qualify yourself to work in the Father's Vineyard.

Not only is the College of Universal Truth ready to offer all these boons to its matriculants, but at the same time it is prepared to convert its learners into a Ps.D., Ms.D., Ph.D., or D.D. — or if the student so desires, into a combination of all four. The price of these degrees ranges from only $80 for the Ms.D. to $165 for the Ph.D., with the customary discount for cash paid in advance.

The most practical degree for most people seems to be the Ms.D. This can be snared by completing a course in Metaphysiology and Practical Metaphysics. For a Ph.D., because of the more academic nature of this degree, the required courses are "Glorious Life in the Living" and "Esoteric Masonry." The latter is in the capable hands of Professor Daniel Boone Herring, D.D., who also lectures on the

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"Science of Happiness," "Personal Mysticism" and "The Power to Command."

To enroll for a degree at the College of Universal Truth, age, fortunately, is no barrier:

> No matter how old *You* are, no matter how wasted, misspent, and useless your past years, it is never too late to begin a *New Life*. Re-affirm your faith in your *High Self*, re-create your lost enthusiasm, re-educate your moods, attitudes and habits of *Thought*, and thus re-adjust and re-orient yourself into your *New World* of superior Individuality, Intelligence and Independence.

To obtain the doctorate from Universal Truth, all that you really need — besides the requisite tuition — is "the Call within your Heart." And students who have heeded this call have never regretted it. Not only are they now able to address themselves as Doctor, but they also have found their "Real Self, Free, Creative, Constructive, Dynamic, Magnetic, Radiant and Glorious, the Master Miracle Mind of Love, Truth, Joy, Beauty and Peace."

Diploma mills like the College of Divine Metaphysics and Taylor have been criticized and investigated on various occasions by such august bodies as the U. S. Office of Education, the Federal Trade Commission, the Better Business Bureau, the American Association of University Professors and the Institute of International Education. Yet none of these groups has ever been able to substantiate its suspicions. Indeed, what they have generally found is that these correspondence universities have been chartered by the states in which they are established and that they have the legal right to grant degrees. As long as they make no claim that their degrees have any "rights, privileges and immunities thereunto appertaining," the correspondence Oxfords of America remain well within the law.

HEREDITARY succession is a burlesque upon monarchy. It puts it in the most ridiculous light, by presenting it as an office which any child or idiot may fill. It requires some talents to be a common mechanic; but to be a King requires only the animal figure of man — a sort of breathing automaton. This sort of superstition may last a few years more, but it cannot long resist the awakened reason and interest of man.

— TOM PAINE

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OLD AGE AND INDUSTRIAL EFFICIENCY

By Ross L. Holman

You can walk into any number of industrial plants today and find something that would have scared most prewar factory managements. Now they are taking it in their stride and are, in fact, quite happy about it. I refer to the heavy percentage of aged workers, many of whom were kicked out of employment several years ago for the unpardonable sin of having had too many birthdays.

It has been quite a revelation to many personnel managers that the man who used to be thought of as largely washed out at forty still has a great deal to offer at fifty, sixty and even seventy. Westinghouse, for example, has among other oldsters, a sixty-seven-year-old man doing the delicate job of operating a glass lathe that nothing but youthful precision could handle before the war — so we thought. The Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation has a seventy-seven-year-old great-grandfather assembling water pumps. One state employee at the Nashville penitentiary (not a prisoner) is ninety-one-year-old Dad Green, who works eight to ten hours a day. He spends three hours a day of his leisure time at a welding class, training for work in a war plant. And — as though miracles would never stop happening — one Midwestern plant reports a 102-year-old toolmaker whose record is "excellent."

Such facts are bound to revolutionize future employment policies. The old practice of turning a cold shoulder to men and women over forty was both cruel and stupid. Industry was not alone in this regard. Probably the biggest offender of all was the United States government. Although the Civil Service was set up to hire government employees largely on their qualifications for the job, the chief test of fitness until the war was that the vast majority of them must not be over forty-five years of age and, for a great many positions, they must not be over thirty-five.

The government policy on age was so confusing it did not even agree with itself. In effect, it told a person through its Civil Service regulations that he (or she) was not qualified to be a Junior in Home Economics after he was thirty-five; yet through the Federal Constitution it said that he

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or she was not fit to be President before he or she was thirty-five. Even now it tells the forty-six-year-old man that he is too old to put on a uniform for a behind-the-line job as military file clerk. And at the same time it applauds a sixty-four-year-old general for delivering mighty blows against the Japanese war machine.

The war caused practically all Civil Service age limits to be abolished and it will be interesting to see if the government regulation makers have learned as much along this line as industry.

II

Since the war has pulled so many of the older people out of their chimney corners to work in war plants and other industries, there have been a number of check-ups made to see how well they are delivering the goods. The survey conducted by Professor Armstrong McFarland of Harvard University is one of the most enlightening. His investigation covered a cross-section of 1,444 factory workers and it found that the average age of those rated by the bosses as "excellent" was not twenty-five, thirty nor thirty-five, but forty-seven. The inferior workers had an average age of forty-one.

Those prewar executives who shuddered at the idea of employing men and women over forty because of industrial accidents and liability claims in which their feebleness involved them, may now readjust their fears. The same survey showed that mill hands over sixty suffered only half as many accidents as those in their twenties. It also revealed that as automobile drivers oldsters between forty and sixty are safer than youngsters. The memory of older people for recent events, it is true, is not quite so keen as that of youngsters, but on most mental tests in critical judgment and learning ability men and women between thirty-five and sixty-five rate just as high as those on the sunny side of thirty.

The survey goes on further to state that oldsters are more stable than youngsters and change their jobs less often. McFarland also says that the notion of older workers being too slow and inflexible is largely prejudice. If they don't check up as well in strength and quickness they more than make it up in endurance and skill.

While biologists have shown that by fifty most men have declined a little in hearing and eyesight, the failing is not universal by any means. In one study of a group in their fifties the best quarter of the group had keener vision than the average man in his twenties.

However, the biggest surprise of McFarland's survey was the way the oldsters rated as pilots. They actually stand up better under high-altitude flying (reduced oxygen pressure) than younger men, and are less likely to faint or collapse. This is probably due to the fact that they have more stable cardiovascular systems. Also in high-altitude flying they suffer less loss of

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memory. McFarland believes that with glasses many pilots up to sixty can pass the strict flying tests. He finds that one airline is so pleased with the performance of these older aviators it has 100 pilots over forty-five.

What McFarland revealed in these studies is borne out by practically every other investigation that has been made, including studies of 300 industries made by the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. Roland R. Darling, who was one of the most active promoters of prewar forty-plus clubs which were organized to find jobs for men and women over forty, says that so many forty-plus members are now giving so much satisfaction in industrial jobs that most of these clubs have ceased to exist. In a letter to the U. S. Bureau of Labor Statistics he gave some industry reactions to their services. One company executive said, "We have no trouble from them. They have good work habits and there is little or no absenteeism among them. Our plan is to keep them as long as we can."

Practically all the investigations found there was much less absenteeism, fewer quits and less turnover in workers among the older groups than with those of young years.

Among the industries that are developing a changed conception of older workers is Westinghouse which now has a "Middle-aged Corps." Some time ago, Westinghouse's Manager of Manufacture and Engineering, Ralph Stuart, said of the Corps that if it "proves successful — as it is to date and gives every indication of continuing to be — it will change the attitude of Westinghouse and perhaps all industry using older men and women."

The work these older men are doing has always heretofore been a young man's job. It consists of sealing radio and high-power electronic tubes. It is a very delicate job requiring a steady hand, experienced judgment, keen eyes and concentrated effort. One fifty-four-year-old man with absolutely no mechanical experience was able to do the job expertly after three months' training, whereas the average workman prior to that required six months. There are a large number of men aged forty to sixty-seven doing the same job, although none of them had done such work before and many had never worked with machinery at all.

At the time the experiment started the management insisted that the workers of advanced years did not have the adaptability nor quick perception essential to learn anything as complicated as lathe work, sealing radio and electronic tubes, etc. After a few months, the management checked the records and found that the older workers were not only doing their work satisfactorily in these lines, but members of the Middle-aged Corps were absent only one-fourth as much as the others, they were late for work far less often, and turnover was less than the average.

Another corporation that is opening the eyes of industry to the fine

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human resources it used to waste is the Dodge Division of the Chrysler Corporation. It retires no man because of age; as a matter of fact, it has on its payroll some men past eighty. All men continue on their regular jobs drawing their regular pay until they begin to slow down in their pace. Then, when a worker reaches fifty-six and has had ten years of service, he is not dismissed but placed in the "Old Man's Department" to continue work until he himself or his doctor decides he can no longer take it. However, the program of work in this Old Man's Department is different from that in the others. Instead of a rigid schedule of so many hours a day, each man may come to work when he pleases, as often as he pleases, and quit when he pleases. No one pushes him and it is up to each individual to decide what he can do.

And it works. They are turning out waterpumps for army trucks, brake and clutch pedals for tanks and a lot of other equipment. Despite the fact each one works only when his physical condition permits, the 100 members of the Old Man's Department turn out about as much as fifty to sixty young skilled workers. Their average age is sixty-six, with many in their seventies. Handicapped workers such as cripples and partially blind persons are also assigned to this department. It is not unusual for a handicapped or older worker to recover from an ailment that sent him to this department, thus enabling him to return to his regular job again.

III

To most medical men and sociologists who have studied the subject the idea of drawing a rigid age deadline at which a person begins to slip in mental and physical faculties is ridiculous. Dr. Martin Gumpert, author of *You Are Younger Than You Think*, says that no human being ages as a unit, that there is a big difference between our chronological age as measured by years and our physiological age as measured by the functions of the body. He further states that science has not yet found a practical easy test to determine the relation between chronological and physiological age.

Generally speaking, our purely physical capacities reach their climax around the age of twenty. "Mental maturity," Dr. Gumpert says, "is usually not reached before the age of forty, but it increases slowly until sixty, and at eighty is about the same as it was at the age of thirty-five. A normal person has his best mental period between forty and seventy."

As to the rate of physical decline Dr. Anton J. Carlson, noted physiologist of the University of Chicago says, "The physiological age of the worker is not synonymous with his chronological age owing to individual variables in heredity, mode of living accidents and results of disease. The health system depends on good diet good digestion, good blood, good kidneys and good lungs." He goes on to show that some age impairments appear in the thirties, while some men

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have plenty of physical vitality left after seventy.

In a report three or four years ago by the late Edsel Ford it was shown that over 45 per cent of all Ford workers were more than forty years of age and 27 per cent were more than fifty. Hundreds of them were in their seventies and seven in their eighties. One Ford worker was both seventy-four and blind, and according to Edsel Ford, still able to give full value for his wages.

What we have learned about old age efficiency as a result of war and of scientific tests will be worth but very little if we start kicking older workers back into the ashcan when the boys come marching home, as we did after the last war. Almost 26 per cent of our present population is now past forty-five and most of them, according to reliable statistics, will live to beyond sixty. With the tremendous progress that is being made in health and sanitation, scientists freely predict that in another four decades men and women over forty-five will form nearly half the population and that 15 per cent of our total population will be sixty-five or over.

If, however, society returns to its discrimination against older workers when the shooting stops it had better begin making some ambitious plans to do something about them. It would seem foolish for it to undertake the support of a full fourth to one-half of its population that is mostly able and willing to support itself. Why not try providing jobs for them? The politicians, as well as the sociologists, had better take note also. The forty–sixty age group will represent a huge block of votes, and will be in a position to wield great political power.

National Wealth—

There seem to be but three ways for a nation to acquire wealth. The first is by war, as the Romans did, in plundering their conquered neighbors. This is robbery. The second by commerce, which is generally cheating. The third by agriculture, the only honest way, wherein man receives a real increase of the seed thrown into the ground, in a kind of continual miracle wrought by the hand of God in his favor, as a reward for his innocent life and his virtuous industry.

— BENJAMIN FRANKLIN

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DOWN TO EARTH

By Alan Devoe

Snapping Turtle

There is a rule of economy in the endowments with which nature equips her creatures. For each one, there is the gift of this or that kind of competence to achieve living effectiveness; but, such competence being assured, there are not commonly given gifts beyond that necessary measure. Each possession of an endowment implies, so to speak, the sacrifice — or at any rate the lack — of others. It is given to a rat to be canny and quick; and a rat's body, compensatingly, is vulnerable. A porcupine is dim and slow; it has the gift of a protecting armament. A hare can outrun its foes; it has not the genius of out-fighting them. A mole can out-burrow its enemies; it has not the gift of out-thinking them. Natural economy discourages that any creature shall have at once agility, armor, fighting-tools, keen senses and shrewd wits.

The principle of compensation is evident in the case of the turtles. A common box-turtle, that amiable wanderer of the moist woods and swamp-margins, is conspicuous, extremely slow, and incapable of making — with its harmless little jaws designed for nibbling at insects and berries — even the feeblest defense against attack by any sizable enemy. Predators are constantly coming upon box-turtles; and the lumbering race of *Terrapene* must long ago have gone down to defeat, were it not for their one great gift: the gift, of course, of armor. An attacked box-turtle can quickly pull its head, legs and tail completely inside its shell, and can then draw the plastron so tightly closed that there is not a chink in the armor which will give admission to so much as a fox's whisker. The box-turtles enjoy a success by insulation.

To the tribe of turtles called *Chelydra*, there is given no such extensive and close-fitting plastron. Even when most fully withdrawn into their shells, the legs and heads and long fleshy tails of this family are considerably exposed. Their gift for survival is of a different order. They are the snapping turtles. A snapping turtle makes its biological success by the gifts of size, inconspicuousness, and a sluggish, reptile-witted savagery.

Snapping turtles are the biggest fresh-water turtles in the country. The hugest of them, the alligator snapping turtles of the Mississippi and the Gulf, attain to 140 pounds. Even a specimen of the common species, found everywhere east of the Rockies, may attain in old age to seventy or

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eighty pounds or more, and almost any grown individual will weigh twenty. Squat, chunky, massive, the snapping turtle has a dull-colored carapace, roughened and ridged, with a series of broken, saw-toothed indentations at the rear of the shell. Past these projects a long, heavy-fleshed tail, scaly and serrated, like a dragon's. From the sides of the shell protrude the powerful legs, with great broad feet, heavily webbed, bearing strong coarse nails. From under the fore-edge of the carapace is perpetually extruded the snapper's oversized snake-necked head, too big ever to be withdrawn inside the inadequate shell. The reptilian eyes are tiny, but the power of vision in them is exceptionally keen. The jaws of the great head are heavy and hooked, and in both upper and lower are bony cutting-edges that make the snapper's beak an instrument comparable to a pair of powerful shears with jagged blades.

If there is little other evident beauty in a snapping turtle, there is at least that beauty which attaches to all kinds of natural efficiency: the animal-in-itself, the success-as-such. Snapping turtles companioned the dinosaur. They continue to companion us. A snapping turtle has not the ingenious and entrancing shell of other turtles.

Snapping Turtle *Frank Utpatel*

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It has small gifts of speed or grace or mind. But it is still effectively alive, and for its own good reasons. It has its gifts. It can hide in the dim ooze of the bottom of a pond. It can amputate a man's hand.

II

Many turtles frequently go land-wandering. Pond turtles like to clamber from the water and bask on a sun-warmed log, and a box-turtle may live its whole lifetime terrestrially. The snapper is nearly inalienable from the murky water. The only regular venture ashore is the expedition of the female in the early summer to make her deposit of eggs. Laboriously then she hauls herself up the pond-bank and goes creeping and rasping overland on her slow webbed feet until she has come to the nearest place where there is soft, loose earth. If possible, her site-selection is likeliest to be a sand-bank. Clawing, scraping, turning her heavy body ponderously around, she begins to scoop out a hollow in the ground. She digs with her strong hind feet, thrusting them backward in a gesture like slow swimming. Gradually the cavity deepens, and there is a hollow which will admit her body. She slithers into it, twisting and turning in a sluggish reptilian version of the way a bird shapes the interior of the nest's cup. Loose soil settles and falls back over her. She sets about the voiding of her eggs, perhaps eighteen or twenty of them: spherical, white, with thin, tough shells. Finished, she rears up cumbrously and clambers out of the cavity. Loose soil settles over the clutch. She wheels and goes lurching away. She is filled with an urgent drive to get back to the dim, cool world of underwater, away from the air and the light. When the young turtles shall have hatched, under the agency of time and the heat of the sun, they too will urgently and instantly feel in them that drive. Fresh from the egg, obeying the pull of their turtle nature, they will make for the pond.

Much of the time a snapper lies motionless in the mud of the pond-bottom. Early in its sluggish life its dull brown carapace becomes still duller and less conspicuous by the growth on it of water-vegetations. It becomes nearly indistinguishable from the surrounding ooze. Motionless, seeming only a part of the mud and rocks, the snapper lies and waits. It is waiting for fish, frogs, snails . . . for almost any item of carnivorous diet. As the unsuspecting prey approaches, there is no stir of the lethargic, scaly hunter; but the tiny eyes are watchful, the muscles of the reptilian neck are tensed. Abruptly, the prey is gone. A human eye can hardly see the motion of a striking snapping-turtle's head. It is as fast as the lunge of a snake's strike. The neck is so long, so lithely muscled, that it can be thrown far back over the snapper's shell, or whipped in a darting jab far to either side. Before it seems possible that the snapper can have moved at all, the lashing strike has been made, the

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bony jaws that can sever a broom-handle have clashed together. The snapper, fed, is again motionless . . . or has perhaps gone creeping slowly off through the mud to take up a new waiting-place.

Now and again the snapper leaves its embedment in the bottom-mud and floats at the surface, its hooked snout barely visible above the surface-scum as it breathes. With good luck, a bird may skim down to drink. The snapper, so ponderous and awkward of body, is amply agile to catch it. With specially good luck, perhaps ducks may light on the pond. The snapper, reptile-slow, withdraws its head unobtrusively beneath the water. The heavy body submerges in the murk; the webbed feet paddle gently; and the turtle goes gliding unnoticeably and silently as a shadow to underneath where the ducks are. Slowly, like an unwieldy maneuvering submarine, the turtle turns, tilts, and then slips upward through the water. There is the snap of bony jaws. Before it has had a chance even to cry out, a duck has been yanked down. The snapper bears it to the dark depths of the pool and devours it at leisure, tearing the warm body to pieces with its hooked jaws, eating it gulpingly, morsel by morsel.

A snapping turtle is little beset by enemies. Snappers' eggs are sometimes discovered and eaten by skunks and raccoons and other shore-prowlers, and it may happen that a young snapping turtle is attacked in the water by an otter. An otter is just swift enough and subtle enough sometimes to be able to strike before the snapper can. It lunges unexpectedly and bites off the reptilian head. But in maturity a snapping turtle's two chief equipments for biological success — near-invisibility in the mud and murk, and power and fury of jaw — give it an almost unassailable security. As is always the case in the natural economy, however, the particular gifts entail particular limitations. The snapper, fitted to its pond-life and its environment of mud and water as rightly as lock fits with key, is disqualified from ever going far from that environment. Not that it cannot and does not sometimes creep ashore, or that it is there especially vulnerable to enemies.

On land, as in the pond, a snapper is formidably effective: it strikes and lashes out with such fury that its whole heavy body may leap in the air. But on land it cannot eat. Whatever prey it may seize ashore, it must drag it back to the pond. Unless its snaky head is under water, plunged in the element to which its slow, cold life is triumphantly adjusted, a snapping turtle cannot swallow.

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"Which way would I live longer?"

OVERWEIGHT and long life are not apt to go together.

In fact, the death rate of people who are as much as 20% overweight *is appreciably higher than average!*

It is astonishing how gradually overweight can creep up on you. Don't let it! Excessive fat places a burden on more than your two feet; in fact, it is frequently a contributory factor to high blood pressure.

It makes your heart, kidneys, lungs, liver, and arteries work harder *all the time.* It tends to increase your chances of developing diseases of these organs—and diabetes, too!

Obesity is usually caused by eating more food than the body can use up. Most of the excess is simply stored up as fatty tissue unless it is burned off in work or play.

In other words, too much food and not enough exercise generally will result in making you fat. Occasionally, of course, excessive weight is due to a glandular disturbance, which requires expert medical attention for correction or control.

But when you plan to "reduce," start by having your doctor examine you anyway. He'll advise you whether or not you *should* take off weight.

Your doctor will tell you how to develop a safe, sane, and practical reducing program that will help you avoid the harmful effects which sometimes accompany too stringent a diet or too violent exercise.

And never use so-called "reducing drugs" except on his recommendation.

If you are past 30 and somewhat overweight, there is no better time than now to get yourself in fighting trim. After this age it becomes increasingly advisable to keep your weight down—even to stay slightly *under*weight.

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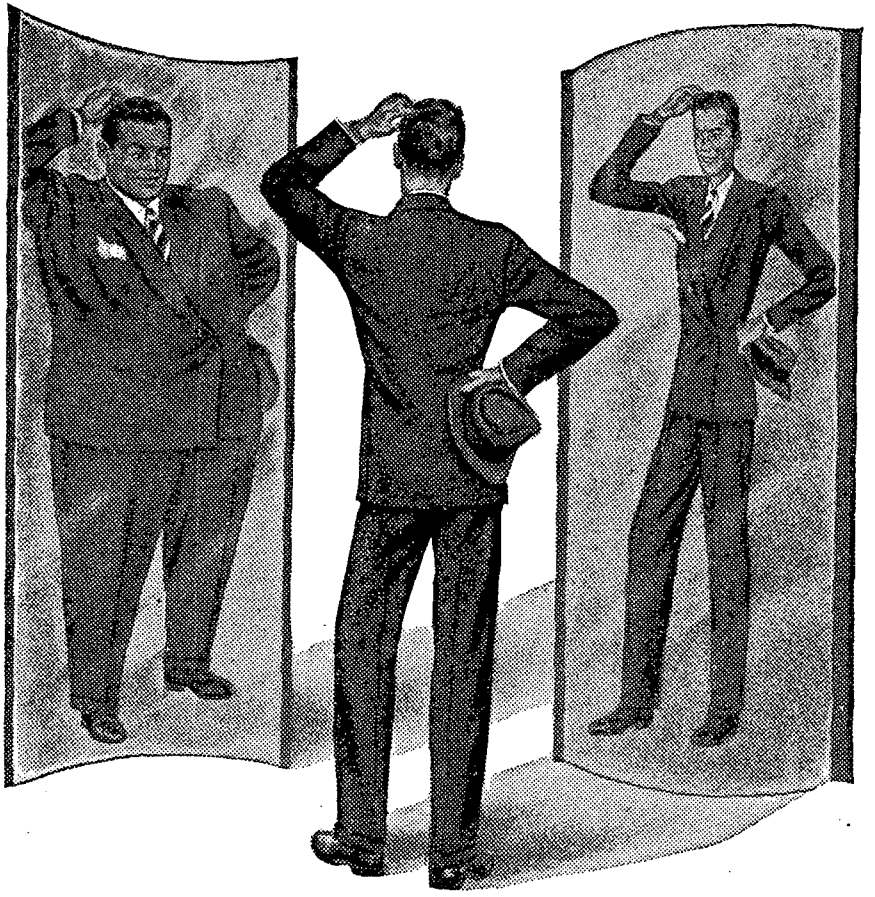

Once you're over 30 it becomes more difficult to take off overweight.

Youngsters—particularly girls in their teens—should be especially careful not to undermine their health on risky "health" diets.

If you are interested in watching your weight, send for Metropolitan's free booklet, 95L, "Overweight and Underweight."

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WHAT DOCTORS KNOW ABOUT ARTHRITIS

By W. W. Bauer, M.D.

In the United States it is estimated that 7,000,000 are afflicted with arthritis — thereby making this disease Public Enemy Number One in terms of economic loss, medical expense and human suffering. With public interest (to say nothing of public and private funds) focused on infantile paralysis, the social diseases and tuberculosis, many may wonder why arthritis does not get a larger share of attention. Medically, the reasons are understandable: it does not strike with the dramatic suddenness of infantile paralysis; it is not encompassed by the aura of sex surrounding the venereal disease problem; it seldom kills, as does tuberculosis.

For most people, "aching joints" are synonymous with "rheumatism." To the doctor they often signify arthritis — an inflammation of the joints. To be sure, crippled joints may be due to a number of other causes: injury, acute rheumatic fever, specific infections such as syphilis, tuberculosis or gonorrhea. But all these are outside the group of diseases known to the patient as rheumatism and to the doctor as arthritis. Although true arthritis can be defined as a chronic generalized condition affecting the entire body, it appears primarily in the joints and adjacent tissues.

Arthritis divides into two main classifications. Strangely enough, exceptional cases of either type may closely resemble the other.

One form of this disease (rheumatoid arthritis) attacks relatively young persons and is characterized by rapid progress, considerable twisting and deformity of the limbs, wasting of muscles, destruction of joint tissue and comparatively early crippling. The other form, slower in onset, usually appears later in life and is characterized by overgrowth rather than destruction of bone. Progressing more slowly, it seems less inclined to cripple and more apt to reach a plateau; the patient grows neither better nor worse for a long time. Osteo-arthritis, the slow-developing and overgrowing type, is exemplified by the following case:

> Age: Thirty-five years — or older. Patient overweight with flabby fat. Pale and tired in appearance; not much energy. Principal complaint: chronic fatigue, dating back

W. W. BAUER, M.D., *is director of the Bureau of Health Education of the American Medical Association and associate editor of* Hygeia. *Among his books on health problems are* Contagious Diseases, Health Questions Answered *and* Americans, Live Longer.

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for several months or possibly years. A history of pains in the muscles and joints, worse in damp weather or in the changeable spring and fall seasons. Tenderness around the joints at irregular intervals. Cracking or creaking bone movements. Noticeable stiffness of joints or muscles after a night's sleep or after sitting still for a long time. Two attacks of lumbago (a combined inflammation of the bone, muscle and tendon structures at the rear of the hip-girdle). Examination discloses enlargement of the ends of the bones, particularly in the last joints of the little fingers and at the ends of the long bones around the knees and other large joints. X-ray shows definite overgrowth of these bones.

The actual causes, other than heredity, are not always clear. Possible contributing causes — infections such as abscessed teeth, inflamed gall bladder, appendicitis, female genital or male urinary disorders — do not seem to be so significant as was once believed.

Dietary deficiencies, especially if prolonged or severe, may be important. Moreover, overweight or mechanical injuries, placing heavy or distorted strains upon the joints, may aggravate or cause osteo-arthritis. But although hard labor and chronic fatigue make the disease worse, they do not in themselves produce it.

II

In contrast, rheumatoid arthritis, the rapidly progressing and destructive form of this disease, frequently results in severely deformed, claw-like hands or drawn-up, useless legs. Herein we find a rather typical case study:

The patient is in the teens. A sufferer from acute rheumatic fever, he has a history of repeated severe tonsilitis, suggesting septic sore throat. His joints are acutely painful; any swelling that occurs involves soft tissues and is not the result of bone overgrowth. X-ray reveals *destruction* rather than enlargement of the bones. Deformities due to deterioration of muscle action, as well as to swelling, are beginning to be apparent. The disease has progressed rapidly; the patient is now confined to bed — occasionally to a wheel chair.

Science has recently recognized that emotional disturbances such as sorrow, apprehension, or suppressed fear, may strongly influence if they do not actually cause the disease. Pain, local soreness, swelling and disability are often increased by emotional tension or great fatigue, and are considerably lessened when the patient feels happier or more rested.

At present we must balance our knowledge of arthritis against our ignorance. We can seldom isolate one specific cause as solely responsible for the arthritic condition of any given individual. There is no cure — at least not in the sense that we cure syphilis with drugs, scurvy with orange juice, or appendicitis with an operation. And there can be no cure until we know more about the basic changes in body chemistry underlying the manifestations observable in the joints and other structures.

While the treatment of arthritis may not be entirely satisfactory, however, there is no sufficient justification for despair. True, the sulfonamides and penicillin are not therapeu-

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tically effective, and the results of vaccines (which are harmless) have in most instances been disappointing. Huge doses of vitamins, while successful in a few cases, on the whole do not offer hope to all arthritics. Nevertheless, too little emphasis has been placed on the brighter side of the picture. Even if arthritis may not be curable, the patient can and *should* be greatly helped. To overcome chronic pain, rest is important. But it is better for him to use his limbs in moderation than to sit or lie with them in a cramped position, which may lead to atrophy and crippling. Reducing the patient's weight — in order to lighten the load carried by the joints — is almost always necessary. Weight reduction, however, must be accomplished without impairing nutrition. Diets must be scrupulously planned to provide all essentials, particularly proteins, vitamins and minerals. To this end, it may be necessary to prescribe vitamins in medicinal form, not as medical treatment but as dietary insurance.

The patient's discomfort can frequently be alleviated by drugs, which are non-curative but analgesic. Among the best for this purpose are the salicylates, of which aspirin is one of the most familiar. Many patients derive comfort and temporary relief from heat — hot water bottles, electric pads, electric (infra-red) heaters, cabinet or warm tub baths. But baths in excess of 100° F. should not be taken without medical approval, especially by older persons. Massage can be helpful in improving general circulation, if trained persons administer it not to the affected joints, but to the body as a whole.

Frequent relief from responsibility — especially emotional stress and strain — or a general lightening of the patient's load of work is essential. Often beginning with a complete rest, even hospitalization, gradually a moderate schedule of activity adapted to the patient's condition should be resumed. Some may have to be limited to part-time work; others may assume a full-time job, interrupted by brief rests or vacations.

The influence of climate on arthritis has been recognized for many centuries; arthritic persons are quick to predict "a change in the weather." Changeable weather, usually accompanied by a falling barometer, increases aches and pains. The victim of arthritis should take advantage of this prophetic ability, either by making his permanent residence in a favorable climate, or by spending the worst seasons away from home, in a more comfortable climate. It cannot be expected to work a cure, but a warm, dry, equable climate is a factor in comfort and as such it may be distinctly worthwhile.

III

The best hope for successful treatment lies in the early recognition of prearthritic tendencies. Parents and doctors, forewarned by a knowledge of a family tendency toward the disease,

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should observe children carefully with special attention to any illness, especially to infectious diseases. Their diet, exercise and posture should be supervised with a view to good physical condition. Teeth and tonsils should be watched with special care. "Growing pains" demand immediate medical investigation. Normal growth is usually painless.

The individual approaching middle age or observing certain symptoms at any age should take warning. Arthritis, though primarily manifested in the joints, is essentially a disease of the body as a whole. Fatigue with no apparent cause offers the first warning. Other symptoms may be failing health and lowered resistance, headaches and emotional instability, mental fatigue and low vitality. When an individual finds himself constantly tired, even though he has done nothing that would account for such a feeling, something is wrong.

There are many possible causes for excessive and unexplained fatigue; the most important and common is arthritis. If accompanied by vague pains, tenderness in and about the joints, creaking and clicking in the joints, or obscure muscular soreness or stiffness, an immediate checkup is desirable. Only at this stage may the removal of hidden infections be expected to pay real dividends; in later stages the damage is already done.

Any chronic disease invites quackery, and arthritis presents no exception. Numerous fake remedies have been offered, especially mineral waters, which have no value in the treatment of the disease. Tablets, liquids and capsules, mostly based on the salicylates are sold under numerous trade names; all temporarily relieve pain while the disease progresses unchecked. Superstitious reliance on the carrying of buckeyes, the wearing of iron rings, sleeping in a bed headed northward to "magnetize" the iron in the blood, wearing shoes with brass nails to conduct the pain into the ground, and other fantastic notions, still have their adherents among the unintelligent. Herb teas and "Indian remedies," as well as "snake oil," continue to have a vogue. Such adherence to quackery or superstition can only be deplored.

Arthritic patients need not despair even though medical science cannot at present offer a cure. There is excellent prospect of arresting the disease in its pre-arthritis stages. And through methods already available, much can be done to increase the comfort of the patient, avoid disability, minimize deformity, and at the same time check further progress of the disease.

With strong faith one can indulge in the luxury of skepticism.

— F. W. Nietzsche

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VETERANS ARE NOT PROBLEM CHILDREN

By T/Sgt. David Dempsey, USMC

We got off the plane at San Francisco and stepped into the clean, tangy air of a city where already men were gathering to decide the fate of the world. We were home. None of us could quite believe it. No one said much; there was too much to say. A young Marine, who had spent thirty-one months on lonely outposts, fought back tears as a chord deep inside him vibrated to the familiar sound of America. An officer said: "I feel as though a door had been closed on two years of hell."

We went our several ways, wearing our newly acquired ribbons, looking very much the returning veterans. At a restaurant I was joined by a retired Navy officer who begged my pardon for intruding and later insisted on paying for my meal. (Overseas, of course, we would not have eaten at the same table.) A hotel barber, after washing my hair, proudly refused a tip. At every city on our way east Red Cross workers even more than usual encumbered me with help. But it was not until an old friend of mine — a woman — looked at me sceptically and said, "But are you all right?" that a glimmer of what was happening dawned on me.

"Of course," I replied, "why shouldn't I be?"

"But what you've been through — it must be terrible. . . ."

"That is all in the past," I said.

"But haven't you been in one of the rehabilitation centers?" she inquired. I had only vaguely heard of these. She told me they were places where returning servicemen "had their language cleaned up, were instructed on how to act around civilians" and otherwise restored to normalcy.

My friend's attitude is typically that of too many mothers and wives who expect the worst of their men when they come home. The advice they are getting from various magazine and newspaper "authorities" on the subject of adjusting returning servicemen is in danger of turning them into kitchen psychologists determined to "cure" the veteran — even at the cost of his sanity.

One such article, in a magazine

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reaching several million persons, warns the women of the nation to expect their men to be discourteous ("Nobody says 'please' and 'thank you' in an army"); unable to make their own decisions and yet rebellious against authority and in need of an "outward prop to their will"; bored, because of an "annihilation of the will"; and "edgy, unpredictable, overly intense and violent in speech, with some tendency to explode into violent action." Mothers must give their sons "time to recover" and wives should make "a thorough study of the psychology of the veteran," organizing into discussion groups and securing professional help if it is available.

Fortunately, these alarmist doctrines have already given rise to an opposite school which recommends doing nothing whatever for the veteran. He is assumed to be a person whom the searing experiences of war have not altered. Let him join a veteran's organization, parade up Main Street a couple of times a year, and go on a toot. A prominent New York minister, returning from a tour of our armies in Europe last spring, expressed this view when he said that all the soldier needs when he comes back is to "sit under the apple tree in his back yard for a few days."

Some veterans — a small percentage who may slip through the Army and Navy's screening process — *will* need psychiatric treatment as civilians. And, too, the job of readjustment will be more difficult emotionally for the crippled and disfigured. At the other end of the scale, however, some men will bounce back into peacetime life with little or no help whatever. But the great majority will fall somewhere between. The apple tree will not be sufficient in itself, but neither will mothers and wives need to become attendants to a class of mental cases. Their adjustment will be normal, but it will require some guidance and understanding.

II

It is only reasonable to expect the soldier to be changed when he returns. This, in itself, should not be alarming. He would be abnormal indeed if the impact of battle, the confinement and regimentation of military life, did not leave an imprint on him. Millions of young men, furthermore, will have grown up in the service: they would have changed in any event. So far as the war is concerned, the amount and kind of change will depend greatly on the type of person the veteran was before he joined the service; on whether or not he saw actual combat; on where he was stationed (England is quite different from New Guinea!). The range of his reactions will vary no more than that of the civilian: he may simply have more of them — more moments of fear, loneliness, depression, frustration. These do not lead to neuroses for most of us in civilian life; nor do they for the soldier.

In the Pacific, where seven or eight million men will see duty before the

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war ends, climate, disease, isolation, and a fanatic enemy necessitate profound readjustments. Some of these changes will be permanent; others are temporary and will disappear under normal living. Some are bad and others are good! Let us consider the changes apparently most feared by jittery writers, many of whom seem to have gained their knowledge of the veteran on Wednesday nights at the Stage Door Canteen.

A common assumption is that the veteran will be rude and overbearing. If your soldier was not in the habit of saying "please" and "thank you" when he enlisted, it is not likely that he will have acquired these outward manifestations of courtesy while he was away. Barracks and battlefield do not encourage polite talk; an army, like a mule, moves ahead under the stimulus of a little sensible profanity. Likewise, a foxhole does not encourage graceful living; nor a K ration dinner, table manners.

On the other hand, the fighting man, despite his rough and tumble life, learns a fundamental courtesy dictated by the needs of a society in which men must live at close quarters, with no choice of companions. I believe that soldiers, particularly those close to battle where they share a common danger, are kinder and basically more considerate of each other than civilians.

A second assumption is that the veteran will come back the product of such complete regimentation that his will power will be gone. The days when an army consisted of enlisted men who merely took orders while the officers did all the thinking is gone. While ultimate leadership is still invested in the officer class, the specialized nature of modern war has distributed some degree of autonomy throughout the ranks. Radio operators, tank drivers, artillery observers, gun crews (to select a few military occupations at random) are "on their own" much of the time. The chances are your soldier is making more decisions — and more responsible ones — than ever before in his life.

Another unwarranted fear is that the returning serviceman will be overcome with boredom and crave coarse entertainment. The old saying that war is "organized boredom" is still largely true. Millions of soldiers, sailors and Marines, isolated on shipboard or some coral atoll, sweat out a war they never see. There will be, therefore, a lot of things the veteran will want to get out of his system, emotional blanks he will want to fill up. Think of a tightly compressed spring which is suddenly released. It will bounce around before coming to a stop. So may the soldier. This does not mean that war has made him a maladjusted personality. He just needs a chance to let off steam.

War coarsens men — but not irrevocably. The Army and Navy's special services division fight this tendency with an extensive recreational program reaching men even in the most remote jungle outposts. Our

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soldiers, sailors and Marines have access to musical instruments and athletic equipment; they can listen to American radio programs relayed to them by stations throughout the Pacific; they receive "pony" editions of American magazines by first-class mail, bringing them news almost as fast as those at home get it; they may see a different current movie every night (except during actual combat). A great many have learned to read books for the first time in their lives, thanks to plenty of leisure and an adequate supply of reading material. A large percentage of servicemen spend months of their time in special schools — even overseas — where they not only acquire new skills but broader interests.

I realize that all this can be made to sound very nice on paper; the truth is, that while they do not take the place of home, they keep life in the service from being the great emotional and intellectual desert it might otherwise be. (Indeed, the jungle has in this respect not changed the soldier so much as he has changed the jungle.) There is no reason to believe the veteran will come home unable or unwilling to appreciate the good things of life; having gone without them for so long, he may well prize them a little higher.

Perhaps the most dangerous accusation made against the veteran is that he will be addicted to violence when he returns to civilian life. Yet only one serviceman in five sees actual combat. And even for that one, war is quite impersonal. He may hate the enemy but it is not with a psychopathic hate that will carry over into postwar living. The scheme of violence which war necessarily imposes on men for sheer survival is left behind when they return. Even on the battlefield, these "killers" will treat a captured enemy soldier quite decently. An Australian newspaper correspondent said to me once: "If you Americans don't kill your enemies with bullets first, you kill them with kindness later."

Moreover, the services foster *rational* relationships within the ranks for the sake of the harmony so necessary to a fighting organization. Patience is one thing a soldier acquires if nothing else. "Authorities" to the contrary, I think wives may be surprised to find that their husbands will be quite agreeable persons when they come home.

III

The danger of regarding every veteran as a "problem" is that it may actually turn him into a problem. Consider this case, taken from the files of a social work agency, involving a young man's readjustment to civilian life among a family that understood "not wisely but too well." The boy had an involuntary fear of sudden, loud noises — not an uncommon reaction among men who have been under fire. His mother lavished such solicitude on him that he became conscious of what had been before only a minor

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disturbance. "When she offered me a glass of milk," the young man told the case worker, "it was as though she thought I was going to die." His father, on the other hand, upbraided him for being a sissy and letting noises "get him down." His wife was worried and tended to withdraw from him.

A veterans' bureau placed him in office work to keep him away from noise, but his lack of experience made it hard for him to carry on. He lost confidence in himself, and in the course of a year held nine different jobs. This, in turn, increased the difficulties of his home life. The resulting conflicts drove him into the arms of a psychiatrist and the family to a social work agency. Although the boy had successfully lived with his symptoms for months before he returned home, his family's attitude quickly broke him down.

This is an extreme case, but a warning of what can happen if families regard every emotional disturbance with alarm. The veteran *is* a case in the sense that his emotional reactions can be typed. But then so is the non-veteran, for the majority of us carry minor psychoneurotic symptoms with us all through life. The veteran may simply have more of his share of these for some time; war intensifies such normal experiences as fear, depression, sorrow, shock, boredom.

The average fighting man has enormous resilience. Without losing the human qualities that have given this war a special meaning, he learns to adjust himself to a world where the positive values of civilization are turned inside out. Refinements, niceties are lost. But fundamental virtues tend to remain, even though submerged in the stream of military necessity. His sense of humor remains, too, which is another way of saying that a soldier keeps his balance.

From my own observation, the areas of emotional adjustment in which the returning veteran may need help — sympathetic understanding, essentially — are the following:

(1) The most serious difficulty he may face (but one which will apply to the smallest group of men) will be the reopening, under certain stresses of civilian life, of "shock" wounds which he suffered in battle. The "startle" reaction (fear of sudden noise) is an example of this. A friend of mine, now discharged, cannot sit through a movie bombing scene, for he once experienced a terrible bombing in which he nearly lost his life. In every other respect he is normal. He is gradually overcoming this psychological hazard, as are thousands of others, without psychiatric help. Don't worry such a person into thinking he is a "case."

(2) The veteran may experience a sense of isolation during his first few months home, after the initial thrill wears off. His old life, interrupted by the war, will have passed on, seemingly leaving him in the backwash. He may feel lonely and left out. His old job, if it is waiting for him, may seem strange, his old skill rusty. But

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an understanding — on the part of family, friends and employers — of what he has given up while they have led normal lives can bridge the gap that psychologically separates "veteran" from "civilian."

(3) Married men will have the "problem," in addition to everything else, of resuming their marital lives. Depending on the wife, this can be a positive advantage, for the veteran will be able to go back to a more settled and emotionally stable routine. A wife can make her husband's adjustment easy, not by "psyching" him, but with a little pre-Freudian love and understanding. The chances are he will respond to this as to nothing else; it is what he has missed most in his years away from home.

(4) Some of the veteran's values will be changed, and he may challenge certain accepted civilian values. This will require adjustment by civilian and serviceman both. I know a young veteran who, when he returned, found it impossible to take up the frivolous life that he and his fiancée had enjoyed before the war. The girl expected the same carefree boy who had left her three years before. Instead, she found a mature man with new insights and values. Because she interpreted this as lack of affection, their romance failed.

In that strange world where life and death share a common ground, men shed the husk of hypocrisy by which so much of our ordinary world lives. Social prestige will seem less important to the corporal from Park Avenue who served under a captain from the lower East Side. Race and nationality differences evaporate when they meet in the same foxhole and dodge the same bullets. The complacency of the civilian's world seems wrong to the man who may have gone for months without fresh food. In many instances, the veteran will want to say, "It is you who must change, too, not only we."

The men and women who stayed at home must be prepared to meet the veteran halfway. They must come to realize that in many respects he will come back a better man, qualified to make a sounder peacetime contribution by the very sacrifices he has made in fighting for our future. It will be a tragedy indeed if this — one of the few prizes war can offer — should be lost because our misinformed public insists on treating veterans as today's problem children. From this group tomorrow's leaders must emerge.

It is the free man who must win freedom for the slave; it is the wise man who must think for the fool; it is the happy who must serve the unhappy.

— Jean Paul Richter

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NATIONAL DIFFERENCES IN HUMOR

By H. J. Eysenck

Though man will freely admit to lacking the wisdom of Socrates, the beauty of Apollo, or the strength of Hercules, he will fight to the death anyone who denies him a sense of humor. He will not be at all sure what he means by a sense of humor — ask a hundred people and you get a hundred different answers. But he is quite certain that to be told he has no sense of humor is a deadly insult, to be avenged forthwith, and not something he can afford to laugh about indulgently.

And as of individual people, so of nations. In his essay, *Of Poetry*, Temple pointed out in 1692 that true humor is to be found only in England, and ever since that day each nation has reiterated that claim in its own favor. Other nations may have certain queer, childish, perverted and unintelligible substitutes; the real article is only to be found at home. In war, this belief becomes a weapon of propaganda: allies are grudgingly admitted to have at least the rudiments of "true" humor — though not so good as ours — while the foe is utterly humorless. Because humor is taken as the highest human distinction, obviously those who do not have it are subhuman.

Thus in this war — as in the last — propagandists assiduously suggested that *Germans have no sense of humor.* And similarly, the Nazis screamed from the housetops that *Jews have no sense of humor* — that it was reserved for true blue-eyed Germans, like Herr Streicher, Jew-baiter Number One. Jews also often believe that there is a specifically "Jewish" type of humor — vastly superior, of course, to "Gentile" varieties. Americans believe that the English are dull-witted as to humor; the English think the French comic, but not humorous; the French think American humor pointless and vulgar.

Yet Shakespeare's comedies are as popular in Berlin and Moscow as they are in London. Shaw used to be a German favorite. French comic films have found a world-wide public. Charlie Chaplin, London-born, conquered America. Mark Twain was a best seller on the European continent. Jokes in representative German, French, English, Danish, Norwegian, American,

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Italian and Russian journals are surprisingly similar. How do these facts square with the assumption of national differences?

Perhaps those who insist so strongly on the existence of such differences have arrived at their conclusion without considering all the evidence; perhaps their judgment is not based on a wide knowledge of the national customs and usages involved. Who, after all, is qualified to compare the humor of English, German, French and American audiences, except one who knows not only the languages of these nations but the dialects, habits, attitudes and sentiments of the various provinces, states, counties and cities concerned? Someone who can talk to the Parisian *gamin*, the Berlin *Gassenjunge* and the Bowery urchin in their own language, without arousing their suspicion; someone who will not bat an eyelid on hearing his feet referred to as "plates o' meat," and his wife as his "trouble and strife" in the picturesque rhyming slang of the Cockney; someone, in fact, who is familiar with the everyday kind of humor of the people, rather than with merely the literary expression of that humor. In the absence of close study of the grass roots of popular humor, the opinions of those not even familiar with the historical and literary tradition of the humor of other countries lose much of their interest for the student of national differences.

Clearly, scientific inquiry is indicated if any conclusion is to be arrived at. If there are important differences in kind among American, English and German brands of humor, then it should be easy for intelligent persons to decide whether a given joke or cartoon is American, English, or German. If no differences exist, then the task should prove to be impossible.

A collection of picture-jokes or cartoons was made from journals representative of the humor of these three nations (*Punch*, the *New Yorker*, *Berliner Illustrierte*, etc.). Typewritten English captions were affixed to the cartoons, and a variety of people asked what the nationality of each cartoon was, why they thought so, and how well they liked it.

II

The results were rather surprising. In the first place, the nationality of many cartoons could be guessed from external signs, such as American uniforms, cars being driven on the left side of the street, or German-type haircuts. Much specialized knowledge made an appearance in this connection: there are national differences in the way a knitting needle is held, for instance, and in the kind of stock on which magazines are printed. By and large, about 30 per cent of all judgments were based on such external signs; in about 60 per cent of the cases these judgments were correct. However, these results are of little interest; what we find here are differences quite unrelated to sense of humor. We may note in passing that external data of

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this kind may give a spurious impression of national differences.

About 70 per cent of all judgments were based on internal evidence; often all the subjects could say was, "It just looks German — or American — or English." One-third of these judgments were correct — exactly the number we should expect on a chance basis. There is thus no evidence whatever that our subjects, when deprived of external signs, could judge the nationality of a cartoon with better-than-chance accuracy.

American cartoons, English cartoons and German cartoons were enjoyed equally. Here also there was no evidence of any national differences. If German humor really were inferior, then we should expect our subjects to like the German cartoons less than the English ones; if American humor were superior, one would expect the results to show it. But about equal numbers of each nation's cartoons were judged "very good," "good," or "poor."

The picture changes somewhat, however, when we come to look at the preference expressed for the cartoons judged to be German, or American, or English. Here we find that cartoons thought to be German are rated only about half as high as Anglo-American cartoons. In other words, a disliked cartoon was frequently judged to be German, on the general principle: German humor is bad — this is bad humor — this must be German. And although, even if the premises were correct, a logician would hardly approve of the argument, this syllogism is typical of the way many adults reason in fields charged with emotion. Technically, this kind of thinking is called "stereotyped."

There was much outside evidence of stereotyped thinking in the reasons subjects gave for calling a cartoon English, or American, or German. Cartoons were judged to be American because they contained: fast and powerful cars, gangsters, skyscrapers, super-modern furniture, semi-nude women in attempted seduction, streamlined iceboxes, complicated machinery, cigars, cowboys and sugar-daddies. They were judged to be German because they contained: fat women, snow-capped mountains, animals, professors, badly dressed girls, medals and uniforms, food and old-fashioned furniture. They were thought to be English because they contained: butlers, plumbers, colonial possessions and subject races, rowing scenes, colonels, church weddings, bomb shelters, ships and umbrellas.

Much direct work on national stereotypes has shown that it is precisely in pictures such as these that thinking about other nations proceeds. A picture is built up of the "typical" American, or Englishman, or German — built up from inaccurate snippets of information, from subtle propaganda, from novels and films, from popular prejudice. This poisonous brew then takes on a life of its own; it bedevils correct, unemotional thinking on national and international problems for decades until the old stereotype is changed for a new one.

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III

We may take it as established, then, that no differences in sense of humor have so far become evident, and that the concept owes more to stereotyped thinking than to reality. Other methods of investigation bear out this general position. Cartoons, limericks, jokes and other types of humorous material were given to English, American and German refugee subjects to rank in order of preference. The refugees were chosen so that their verbal understanding of English would be adequate for the purpose of the experiment, but care was taken to choose only subjects who had not given up their European habits of thought.

The results of this experiment showed overwhelming agreement among Germans, English and Americans with respect to the funniness of the various items. Out of twelve limericks, for instance, this one was put first by English and Americans, third by the Germans:

> There was a young lady named Starkey,
> Who foolishly married a darkey.
> And then for her sins
> She had three pairs of twins,
> One white, one black, and one khaki.

This one was liked best by the Germans, third best by the English, and fourth best by the Americans:

> There was an old party of Lyme,
> Who married three wives at one time,
> When asked, "Why the third?"
> He replied: "One's absurd,
> And bigamy, sir, is a crime!"

On the other hand, all three nationalities disliked the following limerick, which was put twelfth (last) by the Germans, eleventh by the English, and tenth by the Americans:

> There was an old soldier of Bister
> Went walking one day with his sister;
> When a cow at one poke
> Tossed her into an oak
> Before the old gentleman missed her.

Similar agreement becomes apparent among the jokes. All three nationalities put this joke first:

> A woman visitor to the Zoo asked the keeper whether the hippopotamus was a male or female. "Madam," replied the keeper sternly, "that is a question which should be of interest only to another hippopotamus."

And all three nationalities thought this joke a very poor specimen:

> "Why do you want Limburger cheese packed in your lunch?" asked the grocer. "Because, papa," answered the truthful little son, "I want teacher to send me home."

The reader familiar with *Punch* and the *New Yorker* is likely to remain profoundly unconvinced by the argument. He will point out that surely no one will contend that these magazines do not have individual styles clearly expressive of national differences. Similarly, it will be said, American films do show another brand of humor than English films. Do not these facts disprove the contention that there are no national differences in sense of humor?

It must certainly be admitted that *Punch* differs from the *New Yorker*. Analyzing many cartoons in these and

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other publications, it was found that a large percentage of the jokes in *Punch* depend on social stratification, while very few *New Yorker* cartoons do. On the other hand, sex, violence and drinking are banned from the pages of *Punch*, but occur with moderate frequency in the *New Yorker*. But what does this prove?

It proves that the editorial policies of the two magazines are not the same; it suggests that social stratification in England is more marked than it is in America. But it is difficult to see how this proves anything with regard to sense of humor. The argument mixes up extrinsic and intrinsic factors; a careful distinction must be made between subject matter and manner of treatment.

Sense of humor does not exist *in vacuo;* it needs a subject to be made fun of. The choice of subject is nationally conditioned, even though the way in which it is treated is identical from one nation to another.

Certain subjects are international — bureaucracy, mothers-in-law, vicars, authority, and so on. Other subjects are nationally determined. Prohibition jokes, for example, are likely to be made only in a country in which prohibition is a life issue. Dialect jokes are often even more narrowly restricted to the regions in which the particular dialect is spoken. Topics for jokes may also be restricted to certain social classes. *Punch*, for instance, is read almost exclusively by one social class in England, and could by no stretch of the imagination be called typical of the sense of humor of the 95 per cent of the population who have never even seen a copy. And is the *New Yorker* widely read in the Bronx?

IV

It is these external or extrinsic differences which have caught the fancy of most people; inadvertently, conclusions have been drawn regarding internal or intrinsic differences. This jump is totally unjustified. The same mechanisms are active in a joke about an Irish cop in New York, about a London bobby, and about a Berlin *Schupo;* it is only the nationality of the "jokee" that differs.

At the same time, this stress on extrinsic differences in sense of humor gives us a suggestion as to the reason for the paramount importance of having "a good sense of humor." A person so endowed is an individual who is a member of the in-group; he knows the customs of his society, his class, and his nation. He knows what subjects are customarily open to ridicule, and he does not misinterpret and misconstrue humorous remarks as serious criticisms. The outsider, however, is likely to slip up on these things; he shows himself for what he is — an intruder.

Sense of humor is like table manners in this respect, or like an accent: it establishes the place of the individual in his society. And thus to deny him a sense of humor is to deny him the place he considers his by right, and that is one thing he will not tolerate.

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We have been dealing with only one meaning of the phrase "sense of humor." There are many others. For instance, a person is said to have a good sense of humor who is always ready with a joke or a *bon mot*. Or again, a person is said to have a good sense of humor who is always ready to laugh. The criterion here is not: Does he laugh about the same things others laugh about? Rather it is: Does he laugh a lot, or does he laugh very little?

These aspects of "sense of humor" have been studied, but unfortunately not in regard to national differences. We have evidence to show they are affected by, and correlated with, intelligence, temperament, neurotic disorders, age and sex. Until further investigation into the subject, we can only conclude that research so far has failed to discover any evidence of national differences. Most claims in this direction are due to stereotyped thinking and to a confusion of extrinsic and intrinsic factors in the appreciation of humor.

Directions to Beginners —

First, 'tis necessary to be provided with the following Implements, *viz.* good Pens, good and free Ink and also good Paper, when arrived to commendable Performances; likewise a flat Ruler for Sureness, and a round one for Dispatch, with a Leaden Plummet or Pencil, to rule Lines: Also Gum Sandrick Powder (or Pounce as they call it) with a little Cotton dipped therein, which rub gently over the Paper, to make it bear Ink the better; particularly when full Hands are to be written, such as Text, etc., and especially when you are obliged to scratch out a Word or Letter; for then there will be a necessity for its Use. And rubbing the Place with the Pounce, smooth it with the Haft of the Penknife, or clean Paper, and then you may write what is proper in the same Place. These Implements are summed up in these Lines:

A Penknife Razor Metal, Quills good store;
Gum Sandrick Powder, to pounce Paper o'er;
Ink, shining black; Paper more white than Snow
Round and flat Rulers, on yourself bestow,
With willing Mind, these, and industrious Hand,
Will make this Art your Servant at Command.

— *The Young Man's Best Companion*, 1779

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GENERAL SHAFTER

By Stewart H. Holbrook

At the time of his greatest moment in history William Rufus Shafter weighed more than one-seventh of a ton. The place was Cuba, midsummer of 1898, and a blistering sun beat down cruelly on the Yankee invaders of Spain's humid and feverish island. To General Shafter's great bulk was added the all-wool and inhuman blue Army uniform of the day, and also the terrible weight of a few political-wise officers and of political-wise orders from Washington.

General Shafter was also a sick man, yet he improvised and carried out one of the swiftest and most successful campaigns in American military annals. And while so engaged, to the glory of American arms, the gallant old soldier's character was assassinated by a crew of arrogant and unbridled newspaper correspondents whom the General had treated in what they felt was a cavalier manner. If General Shafter is forgotten today, it is bad forgetting on our part. Neither soldiers nor men come in better quality.

Shafter was born in 1835, the first male white child to see the light of day in Kalamazoo county, Michigan, of parents who had come from Windsor, Vermont, to settle on the timbered frontier. The boy had a common school education in Galesburg, then went to teaching school. He enlisted for war in 1861 and late that year was commissioned a first lieutenant in the 7th Michigan Infantry, taking part almost immediately in the battle of Balls Bluff.

Shafter was a born soldier. He served with distinction at the siege of Yorktown, and in the battles of West Point, Savage Station, Glendale, Malvern Hill and Fair Oaks. In the latter engagement he was severely wounded. With one tall boot filled with his own blood, the husky young man refused to leave the field but fought like the very devil himself — with such bravery and coolness that he was later awarded the Congressional Medal of Honor. He seemed to have the faculty of always being with the regiment or the part of a regiment which saw the most heavy action. Promotions came steadily; he was made a major in 1862, then lieutenant-colonel, then colonel in command of the 17th Colored Infantry, which gave a fine account of itself in the fighting before Nashville in 1864. Shafter was again cited, and in 1865 was breveted brigadier-general of volunteers.

In the postwar reorganization of the Army, and on the high recommenda-

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tion of nobody but General George Henry Thomas, the Rock of Chickamauga, Shafter was appointed lieutenant-colonel and assigned to the 24th Infantry, one of the finest colored outfits in the service. Then followed a decade of isolated frontier posts and intermittent Indian fighting, much of it in the Southwest where Colonel Shafter's men gave him the title of Pecos Bill. Stories vary as to how he came by this nickname, but generally agree that it had to do with a long and terrible march. Shafter had told his regiment one morning that night must find them camped along the Pecos river. It turned out that the Pecos was far more distant than the Colonel had calculated. They marched and they marched. Night fell. There was grumbling, even among the officers. But Shafter bade them to be of stout heart and to follow him — and around midnight, after a march that was ever after used as a comparison for all other marches, the outfit at last reached the river and encamped.

Men who served under General Shafter recall him as standing five feet eleven. Blue eyes peered out, grimly for the most part, from under heavy and shaggy white brows. His heavy head of snow-white hair was parted in the middle. His walrus moustaches were gray. His great body was long and set upon very short legs. He could swear, as the saying was, like a trooper; under great stress, the profanity rolled and rumbled out of his huge bulk like gathering thunder.

The one trouble with Shafter was that he never enjoyed a sense of what even the military have come to term public relations. Good-humored, even jolly in his intimate personal friendships, he presented a gruff and often downright grim front to soldiers and civilians alike, and to all politicians. He was likely to give short and blunt answers to questions. Yet he was quick to give credit to his junior officers when they deserved it; and he backed his men to the limit. "Shafter," one of his former non-coms remarked in 1945, "was a soldier and a man's man."

As a commander Shafter was aggressive enough when he thought he had a superiority of troops or when he figured that boldness was tactically called for; when he struck it was hard and fast. During his obscure years on the great plains he gained the reputation of being a tough soldier indeed. Yet, while Custer and Terry and Miles and others were gaining fame with the American public as great tamers of the Indians, Shafter's abilities were little known outside Army circles. He just didn't give a damn about publicity. But his superiors recognized and appreciated Shafter's great soldierly qualities. With them Shafter stood near the top of the list. Made a colonel in 1879, and a brigadier-general eight years later, he was put in command of the Department of the Columbia and the Department of California. And in 1898, with the outbreak of the Spanish-American War, General Nelson A. Miles, commander-in-chief of the Army, unhesitatingly chose Shafter to organize and lead the American

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expedition against the Spanish forces in Cuba. Outside of Shafter's campaign, the rest of the war was to be naval.

II

It is doubtful whether any American commander since Washington faced a more heart-breaking job than that which confronted General Shafter in April of '98. Our tiny professional army was in little better shape than it had been in 1878, when an appropriation bill failed to gain passage in Congress and for a time Army officers had to serve their country without pay.

President McKinley sounded a call for volunteers and also directed that an army of 70,000 men be immediately dispatched to Cuba. No such army existed; even if it had, the Ordnance Department could muster but 67,000 rifles to equip it — and none too good rifles at that. (The Spaniards were armed with up-to-date German Mausers.)

The National Guardsmen began to assemble, armed, when they had arms at all, with old-fashioned black-powder rifles. A number of soldiers in Southern outfits appeared with percussion-lock guns, obsolete since the Civil War. The First Missouri showed up with many barefooted men in its ranks. Virtually all militia equipment such as clothing, shoes, cartridge belts and haversacks were in no condition for field service.

The High Command appears to have had no plan of strategy for the campaign except to invade Cuba. And General Shafter, following the general pattern of this strange war, improvised as he went along. Establishing his headquarters at Tampa, Florida, he gathered his troops quickly and by the middle of May was ready to embark. But the High Command could not make up its mind, or could not get transports, or something. Not until June 12 were ships sent to move the ill-equipped expedition, which numbered close to 20,000 men.

On June 21 Shafter started disembarking his men at Daiquiri, Cuba, and it was during this process that the first of several unfortunate incidents involving Shafter and the press occurred.

Aboard the General's headquarters ship were a number of American newspaper correspondents, among them Richard Harding Davis, perhaps the best known and most brilliant if not the most accurate reporter of his day. Mr. Davis had been serving Mr. Hearst as correspondent at Havana during the exciting period just before the outbreak of war and had supplied the Hearst papers with some pretty nice Spanish-atrocity stories. Indeed, Mr. Hearst's New York *Journal* and other papers, along with Mr. Pulitzer of the New York *World*, had had a great deal to do with arousing the United States to attack Spain. More than one writer on the period, indeed, has come to refer to the Spanish-American trouble as "Mr. Hearst's War."

Well, here was Richard Harding

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Davis, complete with felt hat with white puggree, a high white collar, handsome blue coat, trousers tucked into high field boots, binoculars slung — the very picture of what an American war correspondent should look like. He stood on the deck with General Shafter and others, watching the blue sea dotted with small white boats filled with men, rising and falling on the swells. It was not unlike a regatta, and Mr. Davis probably forgot the deadly seriousness of this attempt to land on an unknown shore fringed with jungle that might well hold an ambush. He certainly neglected to bear in mind that the dreadful responsibility for the entire campaign rested on the hoary head of sixty-three-year-old General Shafter, a man of low boiling point who took his responsibilities seriously and never for a moment thought of the press as an adjunct of war.

"General," observed Davis, "I see that the order for disembarkation directs that none but fighting men be allowed in the boats of the first landing party. This will keep the reporters back."

The General readily agreed that it would, and went on to indicate how the terrain dominated the beach. For all Shafter knew, the bushes were crawling with Spaniards. Should the enemy oppose the landing, he said, he would need every American he could get ashore to hold the position. Davis was not to be put off so easily, and he now told the General that Richard Harding Davis was no mere reporter but a "descriptive writer." Old Pecos Bill let him have it: "I don't give a damn who you are," he roared. "I'll treat all of you alike."

Never afterward did Mr. Davis write a kindly word about General Shafter; and the incident, according to Colonel E. J. McClernand, Shafter's chief of staff, "doubtless materially affected the future reputation of the General." This was an understatement. Davis was popular with the other newspapermen, one of whom was honest enough to admit later that "from that moment pencils began to be sharpened for General Shafter."

With the troops ashore, the advance over rough ground to Santiago began at once. General Henry W. Lawton, a Regular officer, commanded the infantry brigade, while Fighting Joe Wheeler, famous ex-Confederate cavalry general, led the division of dismounted cavalry. Lawton's outfit was to spearhead the advance; but Wheeler, in face of explicit orders to the contrary, secretly moved his troops around Lawton and attacked the enemy at Las Guasimas. He soon found the Spaniards more than he could handle. His men were being killed and driven back. Fighting Joe had to call on Lawton for help. Lawton responded with a charge, and the enemy broke and ran, while Fighting Joe joyfully shouted the most famous line of the war: "We've got the goddam Yankees on the run!"

But Wheeler's importunate attack endangered the American position, and also threw everything out of

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schedule. Lawton hotly called Wheeler on the carpet to tell him that this was war and not a political campaign, and General Shafter supplied a tart word or two of admonition.

III

There were other troubles. Lieutenant-Colonel Theodore Roosevelt and his Rough Riders were amenable to orders only part of the time. And one of the New York militia regiments gave way in action and went into a rout such as had not been seen since First Bull Run, in 1861. And, with casualties, the War Department bombarded Shafter with queries as to whether it would be possible to secure the body of a soldier scion of one of New York's great families, to have it properly embalmed, and shipped back to the States. This in the midst of battle. If old Pecos Bill rumbled a bit, and chewed his great moustache, it is wholly understandable.

Then, there was what soon became known as That Balloon. This was a single observation balloon that somebody had thought to bring along as an experiment, which proved tragically costly. The bag appeared first — and last — as the troops moved through the jungle to attack the ridge that has come down in history as San Juan Hill. In the balloon was Colonel George Derby, towed by four enlisted men on a path through the woods. He rode majestically above the tops of the trees, accurately marking our advance for the watching Spaniards on the ridge. The Spanish fire quickly became heavy and deadly, for it was directed not at the balloon but at the terrain beneath it. American casualties piled up along the path under the swaying bag above the steaming jungle. Just when the punishment was getting beyond all endurance, a Spanish bullet punctured the balloon and it sank slowly to earth, while American soldiers blessed the Spik who had shot it down.

Worse than these and many other unfortunate incidents, all due to the gorgeous improvisation with which the war was fought from the American side, was the vile food and equipment. All conspired to try the courage and determination of officers and men alike. General Shafter did not waver. Often confined to his field cot for short periods by severe illness, the old Indian fighter pounded some idea of Army discipline into his troops. He badgered the War Department for better food and better equipment. And with the resources he had, he accomplished wonders.

Although the administration in far-off Washington had no idea whatever of the difficulties facing Shafter, orders were sent him to attack Santiago at once, immediately, *now* — and to capture it. Shafter withstood all pressure, while that part of the American press operated by Hearst and Pulitzer howled for his removal from command. The press insisted that Shafter charge head-on into the murderous barbed-wire defenses of the city. When he had placed his troops exactly

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where he wanted them, and not a moment before, Shafter sent a demand for surrender to the Spanish General Toral. A few days later the city capitulated.

Shafter was a general who considered bloodshed an evil, if a battle could be won without it. His refusal to be hurried into a glorious and bloody assault unquestionably saved many hundreds of American lives. Personal glory did not in 1898, or ever, enter into his calculations — and of glory he received little enough for his able work in Cuba. Consider the bare record: Shafter moved an army of 20,000 men a distance of 1500 miles by water, landed on an enemy shore in open boats — after making a feint at landing elsewhere; in ten days drove the enemy back to his last line of entrenchments in front of Santiago, and in fifteen days more compelled surrender of the city and an army of 24,000 men. The entire campaign, moreover, was carried on in the sickliest season of the year in Cuba. For speed and adept improvisation, Shafter's campaign has few equals in our military history.

IV

With the surrender of the entire Spanish army, General Shafter's troubles, far from being at an end, were merely in mid-stream. All went well at the surrender itself, outside the city's gates. After the brief ceremony the Spaniards filed into the town and stacked their arms at the arsenal. Then the Americans moved in, and as they advanced they noted the four strong wicked lines of defense that encircled the city. An enormous amount of barbed wire had been used in these defenses, and many an American officer and man reflected aloud and unashamedly upon what would have been the effect of a headlong charge. General Shafter's judgment began to look pretty good.

Into the city along with the American troops, but unknown to Shafter, went three up-and-coming promotion men of the New York *Journal*. The subsequent performance of this trio of yahoos is all but incredible today. Mr. Hearst's breezy agents forthwith plastered the town as if for a circus with highly colored lithographs showing the wreck of the United States Battleship Maine — one of many incidents that led to the war — with good and dead American sailors floating bloodily past the wreckage. At the top of these posters was the legend, "Remember the Maine!" and at the bottom another legend, "Buy the Journal."

It would be difficult to conceive of anything in worse taste than these posters — or more inflaming. As soon as Shafter spied one, he rumbled like a volcano and sent a detail of soldiers to tear down the offending posters, to arrest the *Journal* men and to hold them for deportation.

At noon, thousands of Santiago's citizens, together with Spanish and American troops, surrounded the Plaza to watch the raising of the

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American flag. As American officers on the roof were awaiting the signal to hoist the Stars and Stripes, the chief correspondent of the New York *World*, Sylvester Scovel, noted that photographers were training their cameras to record the historic scene. Mr. Scovel was celebrated in journalism more for his ability to promote scoops than for his ability to report them. He at once sensed the importance of this flag-raising occasion, and simultaneously reflected on what a wonderful news beat would be his if the *World*'s famous correspondent appeared prominently in the foreground. He climbed to the roof. The officer in charge of the flag ordered Scovel down. He refused to go. The officer leaned over the edge of the roof and appealed to General Shafter, who responded with characteristic directness. "Throw him off!" he shouted.

Mr. Scovel came down before he could be pushed. His great dignity had been hurt. The press had been insulted by military autocracy at its most bestial. He advanced on General Shafter and swung. The blow missed the commanding general of the American army in Cuba by a hair, and Scovel was put under arrest. Dispatches to the *World*, and to the *Journal*, became actually venomous in regard to Shafter.

I have read enough of them to believe that neither Washington nor Lincoln suffered more vitriolic abuse than did this gallant old soldier. What the Yellow Press did to Shafter can be described only as assassination.

In 1901 he retired from command headquarters at San Francisco, and went to make his home with his only child, Mrs. Mary Shafter McKittrick, at Bakersfield, California. He died November 12, 1906.

Stewart Edward White, who knew the General intimately for six years and was his literary executor, describes Shafter as one of the few really noble men he has known. Deeply patriotic in the best sense, thoughtful, generous, and direct in all his dealings both private and public, the old soldier never once mentioned honor but was the soul of honor itself. Beneath the gruff exterior he presented to casual acquaintances, he was unquestionably hurt by the uncalled-for attacks of a jackal press. Yet never, says Mr. White, did he hear Shafter mention the name of any reporter or any newspaper who or which had a part in defaming him. He probably believed, and with some reason, that the results of his last campaign, along with his service in the past, would be sufficient to defend his character. In this, however, he was mistaken. Most Americans who were old enough to read newspapers in 1898 seem to recall General William Rufus Shafter as a profane, cowardly and incompetent soldier, a monstrosity of flabby flesh who would never have taken Santiago had it not been for those brilliant officers, Fighting Joe Wheeler and Rough-Riding Teddy Roosevelt.

The public relations of military men may never have won a war, but they have had their effect on history.

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THE MEANEST JOB IN THE WORLD

By Joseph Fulling Fishman

In my early years as Inspector of Prisons for the United States government, I was standing in the messhall of the Federal Penitentiary at Leavenworth one day. An inmate named Stroud raised his hand for permission to leave the room.

"Old Calamity" — the deputy warden — nodded assent. Stroud walked casually down the aisle. As he approached a guard standing in the center of it he straightened out his bent arm. A home-made stiletto slid from his sleeve to his hand. He lunged forward and drove the weapon into the officer's heart. The latter dropped dead to the floor.

Stroud was seized by the guards and hustled to the warden's office. Asked the reason for his action, he answered snappishly, "The dirty 'screw' (guard) was going to 'shoot' (report) me." The warden looked over the previous day's batch of infraction reports. He found that Stroud had been "turned in" for a minor breach of the rules. But it was by another guard, and not by the one he had murdered!

Just a few months later, when I was again at the institution, a prisoner approached Guard Barr in the yard and said he would like to show him something. Barr said, "What is it?" The inmate answered "This!" as he drove a chisel into the unsuspecting officer's chest. He too died instantly. This prisoner contended that Barr had been "riding" (nagging) him. Once more the records did not bear out the statement. For Barr had reported this inmate only once — for a breach of regulations several months before. The killer had been silently nursing his imaginary grievance until he got the opportunity he was seeking.

These two tragedies focused my attention on the hazards of a prison guard's occupation. In order to obtain more light on the subject, I went over the conduct records of all the inmates of Federal prisons for a period of several years.

What I found staggered me. *Each year prisoners had made an average of 115 attacks or attempted attacks on guards — with dangerous weapons.* In addition, they had staged any number of assaults with fists and feet, while the records were literally filled with reports of threats against keep-

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ers and of verbal abuse of them by their charges.

In the years since then, I have examined the conduct files of many large penitentiaries and have talked with dozens of prison men. What it all reveals is that the situation in other institutions with regard to onslaughts on guards is substantially the same as in the Federal "clinks."

In order to obtain more up-to-date information, I recently sent out a questionnaire to sixty of the largest penitentiaries in the country. Fifty-three of them responded.

Their answers show that, during the preceding three years, 33 guards were killed and 89 were so badly injured that they had to spend from one to seven or eight months in the hospital.

But even this tells but a small part of the story. For practically every one of the wardens who answered the questionnaire appended a statement that, for each attack resulting in death or serious wounds, there were at least a dozen in which the keeper was only slightly injured, or escaped injury.

This, one may be sure, was not because of any lack of desire or intent on the part of the inmate, but merely because the guard was too vigilant, or the attacker's aim was poor, or another guard or friendly prisoner intervened, or because of some lucky accident.

The mere recital of just a few of the details of the more serious cases is sufficient to illustrate what a prison guard is up against in the hazard of life and limb:

The deputy of the Minnesota State Prison at Stillwater was making the rounds of the shops when a prisoner asked to speak to him. The noise of the shop machinery made it necessary for the deputy to bend close to the inmate. The latter suddenly brought a steel roller down on his head, inflicting terrible injuries. Yet there had never been the slightest trouble between the inmate and the officer he attacked.

At the New York State Prison at Auburn (known as "Copper John's" to criminals everywhere), the principal keeper, Mr. Durning, was at his usual post supervising the men marching into the mess-hall. Suddenly a prisoner named Kolinsky leaped out of line and made two lightning passes with a file which he had sharpened into a knife. Mr. Durning died a few hours later.

In the Federal Prison at Leavenworth an inmate sprang from a barber chair and made a murderous attack on the shop guard with a razor, severing two of his arteries. Had it not been for the intervention of a friendly prisoner, he would have been killed.

At the United States Penitentiary at Atlanta a prisoner jumped from the mess-hall line, pulled an iron bar from his blouse and fractured the deputy's skull with fatal results.

II

My own experience verifies the wardens' statements that these examples give but a small section of the total picture. For instance, during the five

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years I was Deputy Commissioner of Correction of New York City, scarcely a week went by when we did not have several vicious assaults on guards. I recall that, in one week, four attempts to kill officers were made in the Welfare Island Penitentiary alone.

Here, within this seven-day period, an inmate dropped a brick from an upper tier which landed on the ground within a few inches of the guard at whom it was aimed. Another hurled a hatchet at an officer. Had the latter not dodged in time, the weapon would probably have crushed his skull. A third rushed up to a keeper and tried to strike him with a heavy paddle used in the laundry, while a fourth hurled a potentially fatal piece of scantling at another officer's head.

One would think that guards in reformatories, where youths and young men are confined, would lead safer lives than those in penitentiaries, which receive, presumably, the more hardened offenders. The opposite, if anything, is true.

Generally speaking, it is considerably more difficult to maintain discipline in the average reformatory than in the average penitentiary housing an equal number of prisoners. This is primarily because the younger men are more vain, and consequently more anxious to be looked upon as "hard-boiled" by their fellows. A contributing reason is that they are more impatient of restraint than old-time jail birds. Many of the latter have learned by experience that, as they express it, "the quickest way out is through the front door" — that proper behavior and a resultant cut in their sentence by "good time," parole or pardon leads to freedom more quickly than opposition and rebellion.

This accounts for the fact that some of the most vicious and depraved men with the worst criminal records are often the best behaved while in the penitentiary. (Incidentally, it also shows how generally worthless is a man's good record in prison as a basis for pardon or parole.)

But to get back to the reformatories: the lengths to which some of the young desperadoes confined in them will go in order to appear as big shots among their fellow inmates almost passes belief. Here, for example, is a list of the *more serious* assaults on keepers in a Maryland reformatory, as reported by the superintendent in response to my questionnaire:

> Officer disfigured and cheek bone and nose fractured by iron weight thrown by dangerous prisoner.
>
> Same officer subsequently injured by being struck a vicious blow on the head with a blackjack.
>
> Officer struck on head with wooden paddle weighing about ten pounds. Skull fractured.
>
> Officer in charge of shop attacked with knife and slashed in throat by infuriated prisoner. Disfigured for life.
>
> Officer slashed across the abdomen with knife because he insisted that prisoner do his work properly.
>
> Officer attacked with knife, and throat

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cut from ear to ear by sharpened piece of steel which missed the jugular vein by a hair line.

In still another Maryland institution, the House of Reformation for Boys at Cheltenham, the superintendent states that three or four guards have been "murderously attacked," and that "numerous other cases of quite a dangerous character could be cited."

These tersely reported tragedies and near-tragedies illustrate how Death stalks eternally through prison corridors, cell houses and shops, ready to touch with his lethal finger some unfortunate guard who may happen to be the butt of a prisoner's malice or imaginary grievance, or who may stand in the way of an attempted escape. The swift unexpectedness of these attacks, the reckless, cold-blooded savagery of their execution and the almost complete defenselessness of the victims are, with slight variations, similar to scores of others which take place in the penitentiaries and reformatories of the United States every day in the year.

III

One can hear the uninitiated snort, "What do you mean, defenseless? The guard can use his gun, can't he?"

The answer is, "Yes — if he has one." But he hasn't. For it's a cardinal rule of prison administration that no guard whose work brings him into direct contact with inmates may carry a gun. Over and over again the wisdom of this rule has been proved.

Against a prisoner with a gun (smuggled in or "home-made"), with a "shiv" (knife) or other deadly weapon, the keeper is almost helpless even though he may be armed with a club. But, paradoxical as it may sound, he would be in even greater danger with a revolver, as there would be a constant incentive for inmates to "gang up" on him in order to obtain possession of it. Many convicts are incessantly engaged in efforts to smuggle firearms into the institution. Almost all these schemes are rendered abortive through the alertness of the officers — assisted almost invariably by the ubiquitous stoolpigeon.

These failures receive no publicity, as do the efforts which are successful. When one does succeed, the death or injury of one or more guards follows almost as a matter of course. Consider, for instance, the spectacular tragedy at the Colorado Prison at Canon City, where five guards were slain at announced intervals and thrown through the window one by one because officials refused to permit the mutineers free and unmolested exit from the institution; at the Tombs in New York City, where Warden Mallon and a guard lost their lives and another keeper was so badly injured that he spent several months in the hospital; or in any one of dozens of other large penal institutions where similar tragedies have been played out.

If they cannot obtain real guns, con-

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victs sometimes resort to "dummies" made out of wood, soap and tin foil and other substances. Many escapes have been engineered in this way — notably that of Dillinger from the Crown Point, Indiana, jail. This received widespread publicity as something astonishingly new and ingenious, when as a matter of fact it is an ancient criminal "dodge." It is merely mentioned here to illustrate the trickery employed by prison inmates in the endless war they wage against those charged with their custody.

Of course, dummy guns are not in themselves dangerous. But innumerable other weapons made by those detained against their will very decidedly are. And these the inmates manufacture in superabundance when the institution is so airtight that they cannot obtain the more desirable "rods."

In the safe of every deputy warden one may find an elaborate collection of such home-made killers: knives made from door hinges, pieces of bar, legs of cots or other metal filed to a sharp edge; stilettos from broomsticks; blackjacks from stones tied in old socks or from a stone core wrapped in tinfoil; and clubs from every conceivable material.

"Why don't the officers prevent inmates from making such weapons?" For the simple reason that they can't. No matter how many times they "fan" (search) the cells and shops, they find a collection of knives, stilettos and "saps" (a variation of the black jack). And they cannot, in fairness, even punish the inmate in whose "coop" such a weapon is discovered, because he invariably claims that it has been planted there by an enemy.

The officers know that in many cases this is only too true. If they did punish for such violations, any inmate who has a grudge against another — and grudges flourish in prison like the Cedar of Lebanon — would know that all he has to do to frame an enemy is to hide a weapon in his cell or at his work bench and then have the officers tipped off, usually by an anonymous letter.

Of course, if the weapon is found *on* the prisoner he can be punished for it. But such cases are rare. Prisoners are usually too smart to risk losing their "copper" (time off for good behavior) in this manner. Even where an inmate does have a "shiv" or something equally death-dealing hidden on his person, however, he displays amazing speed in ditching it before the frisk reaches him. The guard cannot watch two or three dozen inmates at once.

This numerical inferiority of keepers accentuates their almost complete defenselessness. A penitentiary of about 1,000 inmates will not have more than forty or fifty custodial officers — those who are directly concerned with the maintenance of discipline — on duty at one time. There are from twenty-five to thirty inmates to one keeper. As a matter of fact, the disparity is frequently considerably greater than this. I know of some institutions in which there are as many as

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fifty or sixty inmates to one officer. It is thus possible for a group of resentful "state guests" to set upon a guard at a given signal and overwhelm him by force of numbers. Many such plots, designed to kill or injure one or more members of the guard force, or to "rub them out" if they happen to get in the way of an attempted "breeze" (getaway), are rendered abortive by the officers' vigilance or by advance information received by them.

IV

But personal attacks with a deadly weapon are by no means the only hazard a guard faces. There is always the danger of a riot or rebellion. Such a disturbance, as often as not, has its genesis in something a person on the outside would consider too trivial to notice. But not so in prison.

I was at a Western penitentiary on one occasion when such a riot flamed in the main hall. One inmate charged another with stealing food from his plate. The latter, with a curse, rose from his seat and struck his accuser in the jaw. The other retaliated.

In a flashing fraction of time hundreds of emotionally inflammable prisoners were on their feet, cheering, shouting, cursing, looking around for some leader who would show them how to take advantage of the disturbance. A plate was thrown. Then another. And another. In less than ten seconds after the fight had started, the mess-hall was full of flying dishes.

The guards in the aisles closed in. The deputy warden hurried from his station. He took one of the gladiators by the arm and led him out of the room. A keeper pushed the other back in his place. Their fellows, checked by the termination of a break in the monotony which had looked so promising, resumed their seats with disappointed sighs. The prisoner-waiters, under instructions of the guards, cleaned the floor and took the dishes to the kitchen. A few minutes later, a visitor entering the mess-hall would probably have commented on the quiet, orderly scene.

In this instance, the officers were lucky. They are not always so. Even more trivial prison sparks have frequently been fanned into bloody riots when a leader who sensed the possibilities for mischief did assume command of the situation. Such highly explosive trivia form but a single facet of the ever-present possibilities of danger that a prison guard faces.

The fury of prisoners when a riot does get going is something appalling. I was working at the Maryland Prison in Baltimore some years ago when the deputy warden isolated some trouble-making inmates in a small cell house which was no longer used. He made the mistake of not putting a guard in with them, probably figuring that he was only going to keep them overnight, and that they were all locked in their cells anyway.

But one of the inmates managed to get out of his "coop" and into the corridor. He released several of the others. They started down the stairs with

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a view to getting into the yard — and ultimately over the wall to freedom. But a yard guard heard them and spread the alarm.

Infuriated by the failure of their plan to escape, these inmates, aided by their sympathizers — which included practically all of a hundred or more others — proceeded to give expression to their emotions. They splintered stools against the bars, tore iron bunks from their hinges, twisted and broke the water pipes, wrecked and ruined washbasins, toilets, tables and other articles, and hurled the pieces in a crashing shower to the cement below.

At the end of a half hour, the well-kept building had been transformed into a scene of desolation. Soaking wet blankets, table legs, pieces of pipe, twisted iron, books, cans of tooth powder, soap, pieces of stone and other material were strewn in piles two feet high throughout the entire length of the corridor. Thin, depressing trickles of dirty water dripped with gloomy persistence from the galleries of the various tiers. The bedraggled guards, soaked to the skin, gazed almost uncomprehendingly at the scene, like men desolated by some unheard-of upheaval of nature.

This is what a riot means. There have been many of them in American prisons, often accompanied by the injury or death of guards as well as inmates. Every keeper knows that some unexpected and trivial happening may at any time of the day or night set one off in his institution.

He also anticipates other disagreeable occurrences: two or three fires in the shops, almost invariably started by prisoners; the short-circuiting of the lights by an inmate sticking a piece of metal into a socket; half a hundred fist fights and at least a dozen or so knife battles between inmates; to say nothing of three or four "new ones" of some kind or other which particularly ingenious or vicious inmates will try to spring.

Naturally, the knowledge of narrow escapes which they have had, and of the attacks which have killed or injured some of their number, make prison guards jittery. Indeed, it is a wonder human flesh and blood can stand the strain over a considerable period of time. It intensifies the natural air of furtive suspicion and the aura of some dread danger just around the corner — as much a part of every big penal institution as the bars and bolts.

It could not be otherwise among men bearing deep-seated grudges against society, among psychotics and psychopaths, among the vicious, the depraved, the callous, the mean, and the incredibly selfish and self-seeking who would kill their own mothers if it would redound in any way to their advantage.

This does not by any means include all those in prison. It does not perhaps include the majority. But it does take in a very considerable percentage. For, with rare exceptions, convicted men are not "screened" before being sent to the penitentiary, in order that those mentally or emotionally irre-

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sponsible may be weeded out and sent to more suitable institutions. Even if this *were* done, however, many dangerous men of other types would still go to the "big house."

This, then, is the atmosphere in which a prison guard works. Outside of sheer financial necessity, I have never been able to understand why any man would take up this vocation — or not change to another after he found out what it really comprehended. It is, in my opinion, the meanest job in the world.

EMILY DICKINSON ADVISES HER BIOGRAPHERS

By Charles Angoff

The soul's flame
Cannot be measured.
A breath of despair
Corrodes the spirit,
But in eternal darkness,
Not for any eyes,
Even its own.
And the stray shiver of joy
Does likewise.
The Infinite is fiercely one,
In flower, man and star.

To describe another
Is a cosmic impertinence,
And to criticize,
Black blasphemy.

Only tears and laughter
Are honest and just,
And animal silence
Still more so.

Listen to the memory
Of church bells;
There is no greater
Wisdom on earth.

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REFLECTIONS OF AN EDITORIAL WRITER

By Stanley Walker

For a good many years I have written editorials for newspapers, sometimes as a steady job and sometimes as an occasional contributor on special topics. Men become editorial writers for various reasons: their legs may have become too uncertain, or their nerves too jangled for the hurly burly of handling straight news. They may have a thoughtful, philosophical turn of mind which gives them a natural inclination for such work. They may have an authentic yen to improve mankind (these, poor devils, are the really tragic ones). They may have impressed some publisher with the idea that they possess Grade A Intellects. They may be merely lazy, or have an unusual facility for putting plausible phrases together in a hurry. They may have been on the payroll so long that the boss hasn't the heart to fire them; an editorial writer's chair, in such cases, is often a safe and honorable refuge. Finally, they may be indisputably able men.

The young man who deliberately points toward an editorial writing career is exceedingly rare. Indeed, most young reporters, though they often respect the character and experience of some editorial writers, have a sort of contempt for editorial writing as a major activity for a red-blooded man. Not for them is this dreary, semi-scholarly, pointless and disgustingly anonymous life. No, they would roam in dangerous lands, like Richard Harding Davis and many another; they would be dynamic, fire-breathing news gatherers and news editors like Herbert Bayard Swope; they would be brilliant generals of the news room, with the world as their oyster, like the late Carr V. Van Anda; they would — but there are so many fine things they would do, and editorial writing is not one of them.

Many of these young men, as they grow older, have a way of changing their minds. They come to realize that editorial writing, as a way of life, has innumerable compensations. The pay is rarely spectacular, but it is generally decent. One may say farewell to a whole world of triviality, and concentrate on a handful of subjects

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which may have some meaning. The opportunity for research and study is endless. The hours are excellent. One's colleagues, taking them one with another, are highly agreeable fellows — reticent at first, usually, but disclosing charming and lovable eccentricities on better acquaintance.

The public, I have found, knows very little about the nature of the editorial writer and his work. People ask the most extraordinary questions. The three most common queries are:

1. You must at times feel a tremendous responsibility, because of your influence in molding public opinion, and this must be a very sobering thought, isn't it?

2. Is everything you write dictated — in policy, that is, by your publisher or editor-in-chief — and wouldn't it be wonderful if you could turn loose and write what you pleased?

3. Wouldn't it be much better if all editorials were signed by the writer, at least with his initials? Being anonymous all the time must be mighty discouraging.

II

In general, though with a few qualifying exceptions, the answer to all three of these perfectly natural and well-meant questions is "No."

As for feeling responsibility for "molding public opinion," the ordinary editorial writer is not bogged down by any great weight, nor does soul searching drive him into any psychic morass. Sometimes he hopes that what he writes will be a help toward clear, intelligent thought, but he doesn't bet on it. He also hopes that the cumulative effect of his writings, along with the writings of men of similar ideas, will be of some importance, but he seldom expects to live long enough to see the demonstrable results.

Is the editorial writer a mere literate mouthpiece for somebody else? Most editorial writers on most American newspapers operate in a vast and relatively free area in which the only questions, day in and day out, which the practitioner need ask himself are: What are the facts? What is the decent, sensible attitude to take toward this situation? That is to say, in perhaps 90 per cent of all problems which arise for discussion, he can kick up his heels, cite authorities, indulge in rhetorical gymnastics, and draw deductions to his heart's content.

There are exceptions, of course. The editorial writer would be foolish to try to make an abrupt about-face on some issue on which the paper's stand was well known. But the instances in which an editorial writer has been forced, or even asked, to write something which goes against his honest opinion or his conscience are very rare indeed. I have written thousands of editorials for newspapers owned by men of different types, some with outlandish prejudices, but I have never written a line which I did not believe to be true. Once I was asked to write a laudatory editorial about a man who had just died,

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and of whom the publisher was fond; the request was withdrawn at once when I explained that I was anything but an admirer of the dead man.

In this matter of conscience many persons often overlook the obvious fact that a man wholly out of tune with a newspaper's policies, feelings and attitudes would hardly work long for that paper unless he was a complete fool or a journalistic masochist. Put it this way: if I were a vegetarian, an atheist, a prohibitionist, a violent New Dealer, and a misogynist, would I become associated with a publisher who was a beef-eater, a high Episcopalian, a roaring wet, a Tory, and a man about town? No, I'm pretty sure I would go away and find myself a boss whose ideas concerning certain matters at least were compatible with my own.

This is not to say that an editorial writer agrees with every opinion expressed on his paper's editorial page; he may think the expert on labor, or foreign affairs, or gardening, is only by the grace of God outside the booby-hatch. But he learns to take these aberrations philosophically, demanding in turn that his co-workers accord him the same freedom of opinion in those spheres in which he fancies himself an authority. Thus the editorial incubators on the larger newspapers are filled with men of diverse outlooks and unparalleled tolerance, working together in amity and hoping somebody will read the page.

The question of anonymity has always been troublesome. Many outsiders seem to feel — mistakenly, I think — that anonymity is of itself bad, that the writer would be much happier if his name were signed to his stuff, and that the newspaper would be dealing more honestly with its readers if it indicated who was responsible for the editorials. I have known scores of editorial writers; I have never heard one express the wish that his pieces be signed. The by-line, so frantically sought and jealously treasured by so many journalists, means nothing whatever to the editorial writer. If he wants to take one of his ideas, develop it more fully and draw some personal conclusions, then there is nothing to prevent him from doing so, and the article can be printed under his name either in his own paper or in a magazine.

Anonymity, indeed, is part of the strength of the editorial page. Papers which have tried to get away from it (the experimental newspaper *PM* is one recent example) have had uniformly unhappy results. Signed editorials are identified by the public for precisely what they are — the expression of opinion, usually with bias or verbal exhibitionism, by some individual whose pronouncements would be ignored if encountered across the dinner table at the Union Club or in Tim Costello's barroom on Third Avenue. And yet, it may be argued, some individual does write them. Doesn't the public have the right to know who he is? If he is a dolt, or even a wise man, why not let us know

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his name so that we may hoot him or praise him according to his due? Offhand this may sound reasonable; actually it isn't.

The idea that the unsigned editorials in our American newspapers are the voice of "the paper" is in part a fiction, but only in part. Actually many editorials are the result of the meeting of many minds. Often it has taken long conferences to produce a thought expressed in two paragraphs. Such a thought, if it involves taking a position on an important matter, may involve the whole future of the paper itself. The man who finally puts this editorial into words may not be a genius; he may be a man no one would notice in the street or on a suburban train. But he was useful in making what the New Vocabulary calls a "synthesis." He is a craftsman, and his anonymity is a valuable thing not only to him but to his paper.

III

Editorial writers have been told for so many years that they have no influence that too many of them, alas, are beginning to believe it. Their trouble is that they too often measure "influence" by the election returns. One editorial page, or a dozen editorial pages, may not turn a national election in one direction if the preponderant sweep of public opinion — or whimsy — is in another direction. But the page, if consistent, strong, well-reasoned and good-humored, most assuredly has influence — certainly over the long pull. The letters to the editor keep coming in a steady and sometimes terrifying stream.

Moreover, various surveys undertaken in the course of the last few years all show that the editorial page is increasing its place in what is called "reader interest." Part of this is because of the war, but that is not the whole answer. Some ten years ago, when many experts were saying the editorial page was "doomed," there was a sort of renaissance — not a very powerful one, to be sure, but enough to bring about a discernible improvement. Many papers have editorial pages today which contain a superb combination of enlightenment and entertainment. They may be lacking in some of the hell-raising vigor which could be found forty and fifty years ago in the days of "personal journalism," but they can be read by sensible people with more pleasure than ever before.

I have been involved in many small, informal discussions of what would constitute an ideal staff for the almost perfect editorial page. Here is one of the best suggestions: the boss of the page should be a statesmanlike gentleman, unruffled at all times, whose knowledge of world affairs and whose acquaintance with world leaders should be as wide as possible. He should be scholarly, but not pedantic. We would need another man with a sound grasp of what is going on in Washington; this man might also be an authority on world trade, labor problems and constitutional law. Still

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another man should be familiar with the problems of state and city government. In wartime we would need someone who could at least make a stab at being a student of military affairs. Then we would also need someone who really understands figures and finance.

And we would need a philosopher — a sort of office Emerson, or Lamb, or Bacon, who could charm the readers with his essays. And then we would need some chap with a sense of the incongruous who could write short editorials, some witty and some devastating, or both. We would need a sound but undistinguished workhorse to write all those pleasant, perfunctory pieces boosting the drives for good causes. We would also need a level-headed woman. If we had the money, we might also hire a "front man," a personable staff man who could write an occasional editorial but whose chief value would be as an ingratiating speaker at various functions. On call, for special pieces, we might have a lawyer, a scientist, a physician, an educator, and perhaps even a clergyman.

An excellent editorial staff would be made up of Epictetus, Macaulay, O. Henry, Tom Paine, Cardinal Newman, Bob Ingersoll, John Stuart Mill, Ben Franklin, Montaigne and Lord Chesterfield. What a page we would have! It would be even better than the New York *Sun* under Charles A. Dana.

Such a staff could hardly be dull if it tried. And yet it might not turn out a really "great editorial" more than once a month, if then. These exceptional, history-making editorials seem to come more or less by accident. They are the product of unusual circumstances — when some writer, viewing a situation, experiences an upsurge of anger, or eloquence, or sentiment, and rolls up his sleeves and goes to work. Thus the young William Allen White in 1896 wrote his famous "What's The Matter With Kansas?" Thus did Francis Pharcellus Church, in New York, reading the letter from little Virginia O'Hanlon, sit down and write his classic, "Yes, Virginia, There Is A Santa Claus."

The great editorials have all the common virtues, but they all seem to have something else that transcends the ordinary, and that something is perhaps best identified in the word "feeling." That may be why no modern has ever written an Easter editorial that in any way was an improvement upon the little passage by St. Luke.

The tragedy of most editorial writers (God knows they are not alone in this!) is that over the years they learn to take the easy way. They earn for themselves the awful title of "hack." They become extraordinarily and pathetically adept at belaboring the obvious. They are too glib for their own good. They are afraid to experiment. Get enough of these tired artists in one office, and the product is a page which makes perfect sense, which may look perfect typographically, but which leaves no impression whatever

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upon the reader. America, more's the pity, has many such pages. It is not always the fault of the publisher, though he could improve matters if he tried, or knew how; the writers themselves are to blame. No one asked them to be dull, or platitudinous, or futile.

Editorial writers rarely think of fame, but sometimes they achieve fame nevertheless. There were Fremont Older, the lion of the Pacific Coast; Ambrose Bierce, the brilliant and acidulous freak who vanished into Mexico; Edward Page Mitchell, the scholarly man from Maine who worked for the New York *Sun*, and dozens of others. Henry L. Mencken has been an editorial writer at one time or another, and one of the best. Albert J. Nock, who professes a dislike of the human race, has produced some of the finest editorials ever written in America, though they were printed in magazines. The South will never forget Henry Watterson, Henry Woodfin Grady, and John Temple Graves. Of special interest to students of editorials are the writings of Ed Howe of Kansas (he's the one who said it was only safe to attack the man-eating shark) and Frank Moore Colby, a thoroughly delightful gentleman who flourished in New York in the first part of this century. The fame of some of these men may rest upon something besides editorial writing, but they still belong to the clan.

William Randolph Hearst, when steamed up, was an unusually pungent editorial writer; some connoisseurs rank him above Arthur Brisbane for clarity and strength. However, the efforts of publishers to express their own opinions, particularly in signed editorials, are not always successful. The late Frank A. Munsey wrote many short, stirring messages for his papers; few were effective. The fabulous Frederick Gilmer Bonfils of Denver also liked to see his fulminations in print. Many publishers have had to be restrained, by clever dodges, from leaping into print with editorials which might easily have made their papers ridiculous. An impetuous publisher who likes his own prose style is a very troublesome man around a newspaper office.

IV

One of the ever-present problems on an editorial page may be expressed in the word "taste." Or maybe it is "proportion." On one hand, there is the danger of dullness; on the other, the danger of intemperate, overheated or grandiloquent expression. I suspect that some of our breast-beaters for the cause of democracy, by their untamed passages of too-beautiful rhetoric, have actually damaged their own cause. Moreover, when a paper takes sides in a political campaign, it often overdoes its own argument, and a dangerous backfire is the inevitable result.

The "cute" writer is another pest which sensible bosses must keep under control. Some of these fancy essayists are women who contribute only an

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occasional piece, but some of them are men who have allowed the pixy in them to run wild. It must be remembered that, no matter how good a paper is, it has a large number of soft-headed readers to whom sentimentality is the supreme test of literary virtue. Let the office Peter Pan write a piece about New England breakfasts, dogwood, maple syrup, or what not, and letters will come in praising him as the greatest writer now loose. It takes a firm hand to keep such a writer in decent bounds. And yet, over the last five or ten years, the tribe seems to be increasing. It is an ominous portent.

Nevertheless, even the better editorial writers must be watched. Virtually all have eccentricities. I knew one once who was in love with the works of Walter Bagehot, the English economist; he would quote the estimable Bagehot on every possible occasion. It was years before we could induce him to take Bagehot in moderate doses. I knew another one who liked to use the word "temerarious"; it is a perfectly good word, and he used it correctly, but it sent too many of our readers to the dictionary. Besides, it became a bore.

I know another editorial writer who has made for himself a profitable career of being an amiable debunker. He will take a statement, or a popular idea, and blandly ask, "Is that so?" His trick is to prove that the exact opposite is more nearly true. This man, like so many others who are regarded by the public as wise men, relies heavily upon reference works. In fact, one of the fundamentals of being a great editorial writer lies in knowing how to look things up. This admirable habit also can be carried too far. I knew an editorial writer once (he was generally regarded as a genuine sage) who sprinkled all his pieces with quotations — from Aristotle, Cicero, Henry George, Byron, or anybody in his beloved copy of Bartlett's *Quotations* who he thought had something apposite to say. I believe that, if left entirely on his own, without reference books, he would have been unable to turn out a coherent piece on any subject. He died highly honored, and a park was named for him.

Coming back to the old question of intellectual honesty, which worries many soul searchers, the statement may be made in all sincerity, I think, that the great majority of solvent, good-sized American papers possess this quality in high degree. The list is long — this roster of well-established papers which have taken a stand that, at the time, involved a considerable degree of risk. Take one instance: when the Dallas *Morning News* of Dallas, Texas, came out forthrightly against the Ku Klux Klan in the middle 1920's, it was boycotted by many subscribers and advertisers. The paper was hardly in a position to take heavy losses. Yet it won its fight, and prospered. The point is that here was a chance that only brave, honorable, unselfish men would take. The *Sunpapers* of Baltimore have

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been through similar crises and have emerged with honor; so has the *Post-Dispatch* of St. Louis. There are many, many others.

It is at such a time, when the chips are down, that the members of the ancient and sometimes despised order of editorial writers prick up their ears, lift their tired eyes to the heavens once more, and assure themselves that all is not lost. And I dare say it is the editorial writers who are the quickest of all to defend our civil liberties wherever threatened. They can be proud of that.

To be sure, there are ugly exceptions. Papers have taken an editorial position in order to fatten the pocketbook, to aid the political aspirations, or to indulge the purely personal caprices of an owner. There are instances also of editorial writers who regard themselves more or less as lawyers or special pleaders; that is, for a fee they will take any side, do their best, and emerge from the conflict without their conscience being injured. However, the trimmers are not encountered often. Tired men, yes; disillusioned men, certainly. But those who would sell their services to a cause abhorrent to them are not so easy to find as popular prejudice seems to believe.

Not a bad lot, these editorial writers. And they are engaged in a business that is worth doing. The gentlemen have their frailties, and sometimes their stuff is so inane that, in their sober moments, it must bore them terribly. It must be remembered about them that they do not profess to know everything, and only the quacks among them can give a blueprint for Utopia. But, in their fashion, they point the way to sanity. They are an aid to all that is best in an imperfect world, and a consistently effective brake upon the hordes of assorted crackpots and tyrants who, given half a chance, would mess us up world without end.

We are not only gregarious animals, liking to be in sight of our fellows, but we have an innate propensity to get ourselves noticed, and noticed favorably, by our kind. No more fiendish punishment could be devised, were such a thing physically possible, than that one should be turned loose in society and remain absolutely unnoticed by all the members thereof.

— William James

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ECCENTRIC LITERATURE

By Samuel Tenenbaum

Through the centuries, books have been regarded with universal awe and reverence — and rightly. In fact and in theory, they have served as a storehouse of knowledge and as a transmitter of all that is noble and worthwhile in human experience. "A good book," said Milton, "is the precious lifeblood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life." But there are queer books — weird, strange, neurotic — written principally by unstable personalities, paranoiacs, self-proclaimed prophets, monomaniacs, visionaries, prognosticators — and infrequently by men of scholarly pretension.

Libraries generally classify such volumes under the heading "Eccentric Literature," and there is no important library in the world without such a collection. In the New York Public Library, with its approximately four-and-a-half million volumes, making it rank as the fifth largest in the world, the section devoted to "Eccentric Literature" comprises more than two hundred volumes, and they are guarded with the same solicitude as many of their more normal neighbors.

If you examine these volumes, you will immediately be struck by the fact that the authors suffer from obsessions, egomania, delusions; that their style is strange and psychopathic. In one volume, you will find that an author proclaims himself to be the king of the Hebrews; in another, you will learn the exact day that the earth will come to its tragic end; in still another, you will be given an exact description of heaven; in many others, you will discover solutions to the insoluble — how to square a circle, how to create perpetual motion; and, too, you will find crushing refutations of the law of gravitation or of the sphericity of the earth.

Here is a title in the collection: *The Road Made Plain to Fortune for the Millions, or the Popular Pioneer to Universal Property*, by Alex Lookup, who describes himself as "the extraordinary poet-author, inspired romance writer, and glorious social reformer, setting forth the elements for a heavenly and consummate civilization." And what is his solution for the ills of mankind? Simply abolish landlords,

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who are "tyrants and exorbitant rulers," presumptuous enough "to make claims to be paid endlessly. . . . If any merchant or tradesman, having once been paid for a ship, or a consignment of goods, advanced a claim or a title deed to the same, we know what would be done to them."

Near it on the shelf is this volume: *The Discovery of Discoveries, climaxingly collated in the month of the Una and her lion (1908) inclusive of August; and fulfilling "The Message of Ishtar,"* with a subexplanation which reads: "From the wreckage of discoveries which have been made by me and others in the weird realm of spiritual facts." Such gibberish fills the volume.

Another volume is by "Mr. Brothers, who will be revealed to Hebrews as their King and Restorer." He is the author of *A Description of Jerusalem with the Garden of Eden in the Center; Also the First Chapter of Genesis Verified as Strictly Divine and True: and the Solar System, with All Its Plurality of Inhabited Worlds, and Millions of Suns, as Positively Proved to Be Delusive and False.* He warns his faithful followers not to acknowledge him — yet — for "God himself adopts this regulation." The signal for doing so will arrive when Mr. Brothers is enveloped in "the very flame of fire as appeared in old times to conduct our forefathers out of Egypt. That is my power, and that is your infallible sign. But until then, I beseech you, do not any of you show a public belief: for if you did it would not only subject you to the imposition of base designing men but also to persecution from authority." The book was published in 1801.

The Rev. Dr. E. S. Curry mastered the art of "printing, drawing, lithography and binding" at the age of sixty-four, so that he could present to the world in book form his rather startling conclusions that the European race first settled in Arizona and in Central America and hence that we are the Old World and not the New; that the Garden of Eden was located in the Pacific Ocean, not "in the valley of the Euphrates"; that the kings and the wisdom of Egypt originated from the American colonists.

The self-acknowledged seer, Georgean Miller, states quite boldly in *The Guide of Immortality*, that "I shall prove beyond controversy that evil is the creation of man and that all evil on this planet is directly traceable to man and not to woman (Eve)."

On Independence Day, 1859, Edwin H. Tenny, of Rome, Tennessee, made what he thought was a patriotic address, full of eloquence and moving power — so much so that his precious words were set in type and to this day are zealously guarded in the fireproof vaults of the library. Mr. Tenny spoke as follows:

"Such a theme needs no epitasis. It needs no amphitheatre with its Ignatius irritating the lions to accelerate his glory. It needs not the flexibility of a Laurentius — or the suavity of a Pionius for its apodeis."

His conclusion was as mouth-filling and dramatic. "Yes, be conservative

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— be democratic — weigh possibilities and conjectures on steelyards of the Union — and when the reviving embers of freedom have illuminated with halcyon reminiscences your route to the grave — with 'Non mihi sed populo' on your banner — immortality will welcome you as great in another city, where, like Mahomet, you can exclaim: my wounds are as resplendent as vermilion and odoriferous as musk."

Generally, the title breathes brimstone and fire. Typical is the one by Nimrod Hughes who in 1811 made this dire prediction: "A solemn warning to all dwellers upon earth, given forth in obedience to the express command of the Lord God, as communicated by Him, in several extraordinary visions and miraculous revelations and confirmed by signs unto N. Hughes upon whom the awful duty of making this publication has been laid . . . wherein he was shown that the certain destruction of one-third of mankind as foretold by the scriptures must take place on the fourth day of June 1912."

II

In the collection of "Eccentric Literature" nearly all books contain a picture of the author and his signature either in facsimile or in writing. Some of them stress the fact that they contain a personally written letter at the end. Several hundred pages of small type were devoted to *The Delicious Soul-saving Kiss* by Verus Cassander, who himself urges the reader to "see what a reasonably well-applied kiss can do." The book describes in great detail what a kiss is. A far more scholarly volume on kissing is that by Charles Carroll Bombaugh, A.M., M.D., who goes so far as to claim therapeutic value for his merchandise. He quotes:

> Who was it caught me when I fell
> And kissed the place to make it well?

He insists that "the knowledge of the art has been transmitted from mouth to mouth." Another work is dedicated "To My Darling Sweetheart. The only reason I have not dedicated the work to all the nations is because I love you more than all the world. (And I dare the world to do something about it.)"

Any reader might believe that he would find good cheer in *My Soundspeed Discoverer, Expanding into a Constructive Medley of Wit and Song, Being the Four-Year After Inflorescence of the Life Romance of an Algebraist*, by George Winslow Pierce. But Mr. Pierce has tried to tell the joy of life in algebraic formulae, some of which are so long that the book is published lengthwise. Even his poetry is interspersed with a passionate equation.

An item difficult to classify comprised six sheets on which the author, Adair Welcker, typed with the help of much crossing out and inked interlineations, his protest against a decision rendered against him by a California court. At the end, he signed his name, and — to make it more

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official — attached a star such as school children receive for good deportment.

One of the best known American eccentrics is Timothy Dexter, whose dislike of democratic titles prompted him to call himself — and eventually to become known as — "Lord Dexter." A merchant prince, local orator and *bon vivant*, he had a high regard for literature, appointing Jonathan Plummer his poet laureate and rewarding him "with a small salary, a suit of livery, a large cocked hat and a gold-headed stick." Not content with encouraging literature, he also contributed to it a curious work, *A Pickle for the Knowing Ones*, in which he lets all and sundry know that "Ime the first Lord in ye United States of Amercary Now of Newburyport, it is the voice of the people and I cant Help it." Criticized because he had omitted all punctuation marks, he printed in the second edition pages of commas, periods, colons, semicolons and the like, with the explanation: ". . . fourder mister printer the Nowing ones complane of my stops I put in A nuf here and they peper and solt it as they please."

Dexter's life was even more eccentric than his writings. Strange as it may seem, the wilder the things that he did, the greater was the profit that accrued to him as a business man. He sent a cargo of mittens to the "west inges," and so the story goes, he sold it at a great profit to a polar expedition that chanced to be there at the time. Again he tried West Indies, this time with a cargo of 42,000 warming pans. They sold, too — this time as molasses ladles, for which there was a greater need. He made a great deal of money speculating in depreciated Continental currency, later redeemed at full value. He lived in the Tracy Mansion, in front of which, along with the stone images of the truly great, his own statue stood out prominently. It was impressively inscribed: "I am the first man in the East, the first in the West, and the greatest philosopher in the world." He offered to pave the principal street of Newburyport, the thriving trading center in which he lived most of his life, if the town would agree to name the street after him. Since he was disliked, the town refused his offer. However, he was more successful with other philanthropies. During the course of his turbulent life, he celebrated a mock funeral. He watched the ceremony from an upper window and later wrote: "it was a solemn day, there was much crying about 3000 spectators." He does not report that he had occasion afterward to beat his wife because she did not shed enough tears. He died in 1806 and left $35,000, a considerable sum for that day.

It was Hoverland, born in 1758, a lawyer and member of the council of 500 of his native town, Tournay, who established some sort of record for verbosity and prolixity. He wrote what was ostensibly a history of his town "consisting of not less than 117 volumes, without order, plan or reason . . . a mass of documents full of

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calumnies, forgetting no one whom he did not like." Hoverland breathed hate against all whom he suspected of radicalism, and he seemed to have suspected practically everyone of that crime. He showed his eccentricity by appearing on the street dressed as a savage. Incidentally, it should be noted that the New York Public Library does not contain Hoverland's work, nor many of the books which will hereafter be mentioned.

To balance the scales, Herpain, a Belgian who lived around 1850, became unbalanced because "social progress" appeared to him to make such slow headway. To overcome this defect, he devised a new worldwide language and wrote to various legislative assemblies. Part of his invocation reads as follows: "As soon as your majesties had illuminated the nothing, the nothing was made the means of existence. Then you will resign favorably over the essences and principles of beings were produced."

Probably the wealthiest eccentric was Thomas Wirgman, an Englishman who spent his fortune of $200,000 on printing books, of which no more than six copies were ever sold. His principal work, *Grammar of Six Senses*, was unintelligible, but the author was convinced that if the ideas he propounded were carried out, the world would enjoy perpetual peace and harmony, and virtue would supplant crime. His books were printed on special paper, and the pages were differently colored. It is reported that Wirgman fussed with them interminably, changing the color of the paper repeatedly if it did not please him.

When applying for a professorship at the University of London, he wrote: "So long as I have a breath of life, I will not cease communicating to a new world the source of happiness." He also had occasion to warn George IV that only by adopting his principles could the King's subjects ever hope to attain heaven.

III

At least three hundred authors, it has been established, have written eccentric literature and they have produced an avalanche of volumes sufficient to stock a good-sized library. As a group, they are verbose and have a proclivity for long titles, such as *A Doctrine where Chaos will replace Order, and Time put out an end to our Aberration: God, Destiny, Equity, by Equity to accomplish our Destiny, the Will of God.* Generally, the writers tackle fields of inquiry which are not their own. The carpenter will write about biology; the mathematician about theology; the business man about physics. They frequently mention the names of great geniuses of the past, but only to prove that what they preached was a delusion and a farce. Favorite topics with the eccentrics are exposition of the apocalypse, squaring the circle, perpetual motion, interpretation of the Scriptures. Typical of this category is William Martin, who lived in 1821 and wrote the work, *A New System of Natural Philosophy on the Principles of*

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Perpetual Motion. Mr. Martin very graciously admitted that it cannot be accomplished with a machine, but even this did not phase him at all, for he added: "I had a strange dream . . . and after awakening was absolutely convinced that I was the man whom Divine Majesty had chosen to discover the great secondary cause of all things and the veritable perpetual motion." And thereby, of course, Mr. Martin "completely effaced Newton, Bacon, Boyle and Lord Bolingbroke." An Italian physician, who lived in 1496, wrote expositions of Aristotelian philosophy, but his main thesis was that Aristotle never existed.

It is quite common for the eccentric to feel persecuted and hounded. A good illustration of this is provided by John Stewart, born 1822, who quit his business in India and developed a mania for making "walking tours" to all parts of the world. He was convinced that he ranked above Socrates in wisdom and that the kings of the world had conspired against him. He wrote *Voyages to Discover Source of Moral Movement.* Beseeching his friends to preserve a few copies for posterity, he left minute instructions on how to bury his book seven or eight feet underground; he begged them not to reveal the "secret" until their dying day.

The eccentric firmly believes that the happiness and eternal salvation of the human race lies in the adoption of his ideas; frequently he is convinced that he has been anointed by God for some special mission. Wronski (1788–1853) a Polish philosopher and visionary mathematician, claimed that he represented a combination of another Newton and the Messiah. Francis Davene, a fanatic dreamer, published in Paris around 1850 a great deal of poetry and prose. He claimed that God had endowed him with royalty; in his book, *Harmony of Love and Justice*, he tried to prove that Louis XIV could not be the son of Louis XIII, and that he, Davene, was destined to succeed to the throne. Incidentally, he prophesied that the world would come to an end in 1855.

After an extensive study of the writings of eccentric authors, Dr. Arthur MacDonald concludes that the greatest number deal with theology, followed in order by prophecy, philosophy, politics, poetry and drama, language and grammar. Theology and prophecy make up a little less than half the subject matter.

Aristotle put it this way: "No excellent soul is exempt from a tincture of madness." And Dryden concluded: "Great wits are sure to madness near allied." That's why it becomes extremely difficult at times to select eccentric literature. "In fact," asserts MacDonald, "there are few sane people who have not during their lives been under the influence of some momentary illusion or hallucination. The greatest and wisest men have at times expressed such foolish ideas as not even ordinary people would have thought of saying."

It may not be generally known that Isaac Newton, a great man whose rep-

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utation has not dimmed with the years, went in for prophecy, predicting the destruction of the Papacy in the year 2060. He also attempted to determine the exact time of the destruction of the world, which would in turn be supplanted by a new universe wherein justice reigned eternally. How familiar! William Blake saw supernatural beings, which he reproduced in crayon and then engraved. Among literary eccentrics, Gustave Brunet, who has made a study of the subject, includes John Bunyan, Poe, Swedenborg and Walt Whitman. The capable founder of Mormonism, Joseph Smith, wrote: "I retired to a secret place in a grove, and began to call upon the Lord. While fervently engaged in supplication . . . I was enrapt in a heavenly vision, and saw two glorious personages . . . surrounded with a brilliant light which eclipsed the sun at noonday. They told me that all the religious sects were believing in incorrect doctrines, and that none of them were acknowledged of God as his church and Kingdom and I was expressly commanded not to follow after them . . ." Again, how familiar! But with this exception: Smith founded Utah and has assumed a respected and important place in history.

Diderot stated the case succinctly and well when he said, "Genius and folly touch." How frequently they "touch" is still a matter of dispute.

Advice —

To take advice of friends is ever honorable: for lookers-on many times see more than gamesters, and the vale best discovereth the hill.

— Francis Bacon

Sometimes it takes as much ability to profit by good advice as to arrive at a correct opinion ourselves. — La Rochefoucauld

Advice is seldom welcome; and those who want it the most always like it the least. — Lord Chesterfield

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BUSH-LEAGUE BARNUM

By George Weinstein

You never know what to expect when you walk into Joe Engel's Chattanooga, Tennessee, ball park. You push your way past a turnstile and find that you have won a suit of red flannels as a gate prize. Or, halfway through the game, you may be invited over the loud speaker to step up to the hot-dog bar and have a toasted papaya sandwich — on the house. You may even go home with a canary in a cage. Why, one lucky Chattanoogan once went home with a deed to a house and lot, complete, with a garage and car thrown in for good measure.

Joe isn't a demented millionaire, or a flushed business man trying to create income tax deductions. He's a shrewd baseball executive who has used brilliant showmanship to transform a down-at-the-heels club into one of the best baseball properties in the country. He didn't lose any money on the house-and-lot deal. Twenty-six thousand paying fans fought their way into the park on that occasion, breaking all minor league attendance records.

Another day 13,000 customers came to see Engel try out a neat little wage-incentive plan he had devised. It was very simple: he was going to pay his pitcher $100 for every scoreless inning pitched. Furthermore, he was going to give the young man a chance to take home some extra money by allowing him to work overtime; that is, pitch both ends of the scheduled double-header.

Shortly before game time Joe rolled across the field in an armored truck and stepped out of the bullet-proof driver's cab with a sawed-off shotgun in one hand and a package of bills in the other. He strode to his box and sat down, placing the gun and the bills in his lap. He was ready for the pay-off.

The young man, one Buck Marrow, started well by shutting out the opposition in the first inning. He marched over to the pay-off station and Engel smilingly handed him a brand-new one-hundred-dollar bill. Before the game was over, Marrow had collected $600 — more than a month's pay. But, alas, he lost the game 4 to 1, and was relieved of further duty for the afternoon. Engel's wage-incentive experiment was a failure, but his disappoint-

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ment was somewhat tempered by the day's box-office report.

One spring, the New York Yankees, with Ruth, Gehrig & Company in the line-up, were booked for an exhibition game. As if that were not enough of an attraction, Joe hired Jackie Mitchell, a girl southpaw, to pitch against the world's champions. The regular customers brought their wives for this one, and Jackie put on a great show for the girls. She struck out the Babe and Lou in succession, and had the vaunted Murderer's Row eating out of her left hand all afternoon. The ladies just loved it and have been coming back ever since, egged on occasionally by some bargain-basement stunt that Engel cooks up for them.

II

Joe has staged some memorable extravaganzas. One opening day he put on a "wild" elephant hunt. All the appurtenances of the jungle were present. Natives in loin cloths danced to the wild beating of tomtoms. Medicine men offered frenzied incantations to the gods. Then the safari formed. White men (Engel and a few friends) appeared, riding impressive-looking chargers. They wore pith helmets and carried elephant guns. Occasionally they seemed to forget themselves and swung the guns like polo mallets.

Prop elephants were dragged across the field and the intrepid hunters tracked them to their lair. Somehow a huge Donald Duck crashed the safari and played havoc with it by laying huge eggs at the most inopportune times. The show was such a hilarious success that Engel was asked to stage it all over the Southern Association circuit.

Another opening day the fans entered the park and found themselves in the midst of a circus. Monkeys chattered, lions roared, and camels brayed. Eight brass bands, in simultaneous full blast, tried to drown them out. Then came the bearded lady, the sword swallower, and the daring young man on the flying trapeze. It was positively *sensay . . . tional.* Engel had run across a stranded circus, and had hired it, bag and baggage, for a performance in his ball park. No one in Chattanooga remembers yet whether a game was played that day or not.

Joe carries on his ballyhoo wherever he goes. If he leaves Chattanooga for one of the other Southern Association cities, he generally takes along a roost of carrier pigeons, using them to keep in touch with the home folks. Before the manpower shortage he carried around his own orchestra.

Engel manages to keep the whole circuit pepped up with his antics. But his special target is Atlanta, with whose fans he carries on a continuous but friendly feud. When Joe and his team come to Atlanta there are usually fireworks — and crowded stands. On one trip the whole town was plastered with signs deriding Engel and declaring that thirteen millionaires had recently bought the club.

Joe got permission to stage a parade to the ball park. Naturally he was at

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the head of it. Bedecked in a hired frock coat and silk hat, he rode proudly in an open flivver that had been rescued from a junk yard. Power for it was supplied by several pushing men. Boos and razzberries assailed him all the way to the park. Joe acknowledged them as if they were cheers, smiling and bowing in all directions. He could afford to be magnanimous, for a large sign on the flivver proclaimed him to be "CHATTANOOGA'S ONLY MILLIONAIRE."

Engel is an institution in the Lookout City. He is a born joiner, belonging to practically every organization in town. He has taken over the management of the county fair and is president of Radio Station WDEF — two perfect outlets for his talents. In the lean years before the war he played Santa Claus to the needy in a big way. For three successive years he fed Christmas dinners to a total of 28,000 people and presented toys to thousands of children.

His Knothole Gang is not just an agency for distributing free passes to boys. Membership is awarded for good behavior and regular attendance at public school or Sunday school. The boys' mothers are very often invited to join their youngsters at the games.

Since Pearl Harbor, Engel has used his showmanship with telling effect in the sale of war bonds, in raising money for the Red Cross, and in all kinds of home front drives. He has worked closely with the USO in entertaining service men, and has admitted them free to all games since the war started. One evening the soldiers from nearby Fort Oglethorpe took over and ran a Joe Engel Appreciation Night. Every soldier who attended insisted on paying his way despite Engel's vehement protests.

III

Joe keeps Chattanooga fans in a constant state of titillation. One afternoon he had them sitting on the edges of their seats expectantly watching a tepee that had been set up over the pitcher's mound. There was a vague feeling in the stands that it was connected somehow with Big Chief Arkeketa, a full-blooded Indian, who was playing with Chattanooga that year.

About half an hour before game time, the Big Chief strolled past the tepee. A flap was thrust aside, and Engel, who likes to be right in the middle of all his gags, peered out. He beckoned to the Chief to come inside, but was met with refusal. He then tried to entice him with a big red apple, but was still unsuccessful.

Whereupon Joe played his trump — a bottle of whiskey. The redskin dived into the tent. Several shots rang out. The tepee rocked convulsively. A mortal struggle seemed to be going on inside. After several minutes a crimson-soaked Indian staggered forth, with a neat round void in the center of his scalp. Close on his heels was Engel, carrying a long butcher knife in one hand and the Chief's "scalp" in the other. The Chief's outdoor life must have stood him in good stead, for a

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few minutes later he was able to start the ball game and star in it.

A few seasons ago the Southern Association instituted its own All-Star game. Engel conducted a spirited campaign to have the first one played in Chattanooga. But the league moguls turned him down. The next day Chattanooga fans came to the park rather disconsolate. But their sorrow was nothing compared with that of one inconsolable mourner in their midst — Joe Engel. There he sat, suspended from the rafters in a large wooden cage — a "crying cage" — weeping as if his heart would break, while busy attendants removed bucket after bucket of salty tears.

Rogers Hornsby, who might have become one of the game's immortals had he loved baseball more and horses less, came into Chattanooga one afternoon for an exhibition game. Engel proclaimed a Hornsby Day in his honor. Before game time Rogers was called to the home plate for the usual gift presentation. Just as he reached the plate a van drove up and deposited a horse in front of him. In the saddle was a tiny colored "jockey," resplendent in multicolored silks. He dismounted, presented the reins to Hornsby, and disappeared.

If Hornsby had any desire to ride that horse, he was probably deterred by the thought of trouble with the ASPCA. For the sway-backed old plug, spavined in all four legs, would certainly have caved in under Rogers' two hundred pounds. The late Judge Landis, who had a phobia about anything that connected baseball with horse racing, nearly banished Engel to the salt mines for this stunt.

The Chattanooga Club is owned by nearly 2000 stockholder-fans, who, under Engel's leadership, banded together in the fall of 1937 and bought it from the Washington Senators. Shares were sold at five dollars each and in an incredibly short time the purchase price of $125,000 was subscribed. The board of directors includes a judge, a football coach, a city commissioner, an assistant attorney-general, and a life insurance official.

The club made $50,000 in its first year under the new régime, but the fan-owners decided to plough the money back for needed improvements. On his own, however, Engel declared a dividend — of a gum drop and an apple for each stockholder.

Occasionally, Joe makes a mistake. But when he does, he is the first to admit it. For example, there was the time he invited Chattanooga sports writers to a special dinner. The local scribes are well-acquainted with Joe's sumptuous hospitality, but this was a Lucullan feast. A gargantuan turkey, succulent, beautifully browned and surrounded by all the fixings, was the *pièce de résistance*. When the scribes finally settled back for their brandy and cigars, Engel cryptically announced that they had just eaten last week's shortstop.

Joe had been trying out a new man at that position the week before, and the boys in the press box, after viewing several wobbly performances, had

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pronounced the player a "turkey." Engel inwardly agreed with them and got busy. He phoned his friend Felix Hayman, president of the Charlotte Club, who raised turkeys as a hobby, and arranged a *quid pro quo*. The next day a turkey and a shortstop exchanged post-office addresses.

But Joe is more than a showman. That alone would not have accounted for his success. He has a sound technical knowledge of baseball, acquired as an outstanding big-league player and scout. For years he was chief ivory-hunter for the Senators. Among his finds are Stanley Harris and Joe Cronin, who went on to make good as major-league managers. He has also sent up such celebrated players as Goose Goslin, Joe Judge, Alvin Crowder, Fred Marberry, Bump Hadley, Joe Kuhel and a great many others.

TIME

By Ethel Barnett de Vito

Time is forever to the young:
A word rolled easy on the tongue
And, lightly as a summer breeze,
They make their easy promises
To live or love or work or play
Forever true, forever gay.

It is the old who know the way
Time is at best an hour, a day
That slips the grasp like wind or rain
Leaving behind no mark or stain —
No unmistaken sign or token
But nothing done and too much spoken.

It is the old who live and flower
From day to day and hour to hour
Glad they need not be held or hung
By promises — made by the young.

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THE LIBRARY

F. Scott Fitzgerald

By J. Donald Adams

Scott Fitzgerald was weak, but he was finding strength when he died. That is what makes *The Crack-up* [1] one of the most tragic of literary documents. Much of what Mr. Wilson has put between these covers, in commemoration of his friend, might well have been omitted; there is a mass of trivia, of matter as inconsequential and ephemeral as the values by which much of Fitzgerald's life was lived. But there are other things, too, which were well worth assembly and preservation: the three brief confessional articles from *Esquire* which gave the book its title, Fitzgerald's notes on the "jazz age" of which he became the articulate symbol, his letters to Edmund Wilson, John Peale Bishop and, particularly, those to his daughter written in the years immediately preceding his death. These are supplemented by three excellent pieces about him by Paul Rosenfeld, Glenway Wescott and John Dos Passos, together with a poem by Mr. Bishop. A few of the passages from Fitzgerald's notebooks (which comprise half the book) were also worth printing. Why the rest were included I cannot imagine, unless it was to make the volume salable at $3.50.

The book as a whole, however, is interesting and valuable, even for those who, if they do not share the belief of some of us that Fitzgerald was one of the most gifted writers of his generation, are not indifferent to the general problem of the writer in relation to his environment or to the endlessly fascinating spectacle of human conduct.

There is always an element of tragedy in the failure of any human being to realize, not his full potentialities (for that is rare indeed, whether it be merely as an artist or as a man or woman), but that sufficient approach to the attainable which gives a man the sense of justification, not simply

[1] *The Crack-up* F. Scott Fitzgerald. Edited by Edmund Wilson. $3.50. *New Directions.*

J. DONALD ADAMS, *who conducts the weekly column, "Speaking of Books," in the New York* Times Book Review, *was editor of that section from 1925–43. He is the author of* The Shape of Books to Come, *and has edited an anthology of contemplative prose,* The Treasure Chest, *to be published in the fall.*

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for his own life, but for life in general. Scott Fitzgerald's failure to achieve even this much was by no means final; he wrote, in *The Great Gatsby*, one of the few American novels of the period between the wars that has some lien on posterity; and when death overtook him, he was occupied on another novel, *The Last Tycoon* (of which we have but a fragment), which showed, it seems to me, that he had definitely crossed the threshold of artistic and even personal maturity. More than in *The Great Gatsby*, much more than in *Tender Is the Night*, he had succeeded in being at the same time one with his subject and yet able to detach himself from it and to see it in relation to the sense of proportion, of values, to which he himself had won through.

Those who insist on direct as well as indirect evidence of this growth on Fitzgerald's part, will find it, I think, in the series of letters to his daughter in which he tries to steer a course for her through the rock-strewn channel of artistic and personal development. They are among the most real and most moving pages that Fitzgerald wrote. One sees him there, desperately anxious (feeling in her strong similarities of temperament) to spare her, as parents wish to do, the waste and confusion of his own mistakes.

II

It would have taken a much stronger man than Scott Fitzgerald was, a much tougher-fibred man, to have surmounted the handicaps which fate added in ironical balance to the initial gifts which were his. Handsome, sensitive, fortunately placed, capable of both friendships and love, endowed with keen perceptions, born, if ever a boy was, to be a writer, the scales were turned against him by subsequent circumstances both general and individual.

The least of Fitzgerald's handicaps was that of being born a member of the so-called Lost Generation. Many who were of that same company went on to a fuller integration of their lives and work than proved possible for him. If that particular circumstance increased the odds against him, as it unquestionably did — as it increased them against all those who grew up in that unanchored time — it also provided him, by immediate immersion, with the material in which he worked as an artist.

The unkindest trick that fate played upon Fitzgerald was in making him a celebrity at twenty-four. It takes a more solid base than he had beneath him, a more valid set of values, a much fuller maturity than American youth for some generations past has reached at that age, not to be impeded rather than helped by being thus suddenly catapulted into the limelight. He himself wondered years afterward if his life would not have fallen into a better pattern if, instead of writing *This Side of Paradise*, he had at first steadily climbed to a moderate success in the field of advertising in which his earliest work was done.

The tragedy of his marriage was of

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course another, and in the end, equally malign circumstance. What could be more tearing in its effect upon a sensitive nervous system than to watch the mind of one dearly loved disintegrating before his eyes? Even the purgative effect of writing *Tender Is the Night* was not sufficient to lay that haunting ghost. Drinking and spendthrift use of nervous energy no doubt broke down his physical resistance, but the roots of the trouble lay far below the turbulent surface.

It is hard to understand, except for a psychologist with all the facts at his disposal, why, as Glenway Wescott remarks, a man who "has had practically all that the world affords, fame and prosperity, work and play, love and friendship, and lost practically all — should still think seriously of so much fiddledeedee of boyhood," referring to Fitzgerald's long nursing of those early hurts — his loss, through illness, of the presidency of a Princeton club, and his involuntary failure to see army service overseas. That they were grievous hurts at the time I know full well, for I experienced their almost precise parallels, but many thousands of boys have suffered their equivalents — and not all thick-skinned lads either — and have lived to smile at the memory, even though the regret might linger.

It was also Fitzgerald's misfortune, as the late Peter Monro Jack once pointed out, that he encountered, during his early work, a dearth of constructive and helpful criticism. In that, of course, he was not alone, for scarcely anybody was writing that sort of criticism, or is today, and other gifted young writers besides Fitzgerald might have shown a steady ripening of their powers had there been a critic or two of sufficient artistic insight and analytical power, plus enough understanding of the time, to engage their confidence and respect and to give them a sense of direction. But we have been aware for some time of the painful truth: that in the period between the wars one talent after another went on the rocks, vanished completely, dwindled or was frittered away. That was not, of course, wholly or even, perhaps, in major part because intelligent and vital criticism was lacking; the causes were several, and they had their springs in what the structure of American life had come to be. Chief among them, I should guess, was the delayed and frequently never achieved maturity of American youth in the generations since the Civil War, a subject too large and involved for more than mention here. In Fitzgerald's case there were, as we know, additional and still heavier hazards; the wonder is that in spite of them all, he achieved what he did.

One that I have not mentioned is the strange effect upon him of Hemingway's success. With his generous nature, it was not one of corroding envy; Mr. Wescott tells us how, when Hemingway's early short stories had caught Fitzgerald's admiration, one day on a Riviera beach he drew Wescott away from the others in the

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party and impatiently shaking him by the elbow, asked what could be done to secure greater financial returns for Hemingway's work. He told Wescott he regarded Hemingway as the one true genius of their decade, and thought he "would agree that *The Apple of the Eye* and *The Great Gatsby* were rather inflated market values just then. Why didn't I write a laudatory essay on him?" Mr. Wescott ventures the guess that from the time Hemingway began to appear in print, "it did not matter what he himself [Fitzgerald] produced or failed to produce. He felt free to write just for profit, and to live for fun, if possible. Hemingway could be entrusted with the graver responsibilities and higher rewards such as glory, immortality." Whether Fitzgerald actually felt this way or not, it is true that from about that time he turned out little or nothing except machine-tailored stories for the popular magazines, until the appearance of *Tender Is the Night* about eight years later.

If Wescott's supposition is correct, are we not observing one more instance of a childish narcissism, which had dreamed of achieving final preeminence, and could not face the prospect of possibly playing second fiddle? Actually, and most ironically, Fitzgerald had, in my own estimation, at least, the finer equipment of the two. In sensitiveness and imaginative force, he was Hemingway's born superior, and although he prostituted his talents to a degree that Hemingway never has, he was innately just as conscientious a craftsman, with the same passionate yearning for perfection. He had delicacies of perception that Hemingway can never reach, though there are parts of *For Whom the Bell Tolls* which Fitzgerald admired enormously but could never have written himself.

Sherwood Anderson, Fitzgerald, William Faulkner and Thomas Wolfe, dissimilar as they are, had a great deal in common, beyond the fact that none of them fully realized himself as an artist. Of them all, it seems to me that Fitzgerald came closest to freeing himself from the overwhelming subjectivity which invaded the work of all four. No writer of fiction, no matter how determined and clear in theory, can hope to avoid the subjective approach entirely, nor is it desirable that he should. Every novelist writes necessarily about himself, to some degree, even as great an objective novelist as Tolstoy — and since all the greatest writing is filtered through the medium of personality, there is no reason to hope for, or to aim at, the absolute in objectivity. But Anderson grew more and more confused as his eyes kept their inward fixation, and so too has Faulkner, who seems already to have passed his creative peak. Wolfe, in some respects the most complete Narcissus of them all, was making a terrific struggle — and in some measure succeeding — to achieve a more objective art, when he died. Fitzgerald actually made the leap in *The Last Tycoon*, and it is a pity that he did not live to finish it.

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III

John Dos Passos, in the "Note on Fitzgerald" which he contributes to *The Crack-up*, has put his finger on the real significance of *The Last Tycoon* as an indicator of Fitzgerald's development, when he observes that "his unique achievement, in these beginnings of a great novel, is that here for the first time he has managed to establish that unshakable moral attitude towards the world we live in and towards its temporary standards that is the basic essential of any powerful work of the imagination." And I must applaud vigorously when Mr. Dos Passos adds, "A firmly anchored ethical standard is something that American writing has been struggling towards for half a century." He goes too far, perhaps, when he says, "Even as it stands I have an idea that it will turn out to be one of those literary fragments that from time to time appear in the stream of a culture and profoundly influence the course of future events." So far, at least, *The Last Tycoon* has attracted but little attention and provoked little discussion, except among those who think that American literature lost a writer of great potentialities when Fitzgerald died at the age of forty-four.

Dos Passos says some other things worth recording, and worth remembering, in his article. I suspect he is right when he says that the young American today, "proposing to write a book is faced by the world, the flesh and the devil on the one hand and on the other by the cramped schoolroom of the highbrows with its flyblown busts of the European great and its priggish sectarian attitudes. . . . Everybody who has put pen to paper during the last twenty years has been daily plagued by the difficulty of deciding whether he's to do 'good' writing that will satisfy his conscience or 'cheap' writing that will satisfy his pocketbook. Since the standards of value have never been strongly established, it's often been hard to tell which was which." As he remarks, "A great deal of Fitzgerald's own life was made a hell by this sort of schizophrenia that ends in paralysis of the will and of all the functions of body and mind. No durable piece of work, either addressed to the pulps or to the ages, has ever been accomplished by a double-minded man."

The truth of that was, I believe, fully apparent to Fitzgerald before he died, though Hollywood is still full of authors who prefer not to admit it to themselves, or, if they do, not to act upon the realization.

To be sure, the victory he won was an incomplete one, so that he could write to his daughter that the thing that lies behind all great careers is "the sense that life is essentially a cheat and its conditions are those of defeat, and that the redeeming things are not 'happiness and pleasure' but the deeper satisfactions that come out of struggle." Even so, he had learned a great deal, as these words attest.

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THE OPEN FORUM

CUBA: SOVIET PROPAGANDA CENTER

SIR: It seems to be typical of modern American journalism to pride itself on its destructive criticism. A good example would be the well-written "Cuba: Soviet Propaganda Center," by R. Hart Phillips in the June issue of THE AMERICAN MERCURY.

If we examine this article we find that it is a description of the propaganda methods of the Russian government; the correspondent vividly describes how the Soviet embassy and the Cuban Communist Party are attempting to "bring Latin America within the orbit of Soviet influence."

Those of us who are living abroad soon become immune to the admirable propaganda techniques of our Allies, but are shocked that our own government refuses to do anything in its own behalf. A few examples taken from the Mexican scene will show what I mean.

The French government here in Mexico City subsidizes a French book store; it has an excellent cultural attaché; has formed a French-Latin American Institute, where French, Spanish and Mexican intellectuals teach and where the classes are free. The French also sponsor a cultural mission, whose chief with the rank of ambassador, has been visiting all the Latin American countries with great success. All Mexicans believe the French have culture. Of Americans they believe just the contrary.

The British here operate an Allied information center, and the monthly publication of the British Chamber of Commerce, *Intercambio*, is in Spanish. The excellent publication of the American Chamber of Commerce, *Mexican-American Monthly*, is in English. Therefore, the appeal of the American publication is naturally going to be more limited than that of the British.

The Russian embassy here operates with a very small staff. Yet through the cultural organizations it has organized or been instrumental in organizing, it publishes the monthly *Cultura Sovietica*, sponsors lectures and Russian movies and is doing an excellent job in the field. It also issues a news bulletin.

The American government apparently has no interest whatsoever in propaganda, even as an aid to better Mexican-American relations. Thus our embassy in the Mexican capital (though its personnel numbers about 700) does not include a cultural attaché for the last one resigned early this year and has not been replaced. It is true that the Benjamin Franklin Library, under the direction of Dr. Bentley and his excellent staff, are doing a fine job in spreading both American and Mexican culture. The library is well used and is one of the few from which books can be removed for short periods of time. It sponsors a radio program, movies, lectures, art expositions and provides for free instruction in English. Propaganda with the library is purely incidental and no attempt is made to push it.

Our government should do something about the conditions that exist in the sphere of information. For example, it might find some way of making technical texts available for translation into Spanish. In the fields of science, engineering, medicine and other technical vocations the Mexicans lean heavily on American books. Yet very few of them have been translated for the use of the students; the translation rights are too expensive for Mexican publishers.

Some government organization might issue a monthly that would attempt to explain our life and culture, from a factual point of view rather than one of pure propaganda. It should not dodge the controversial subjects. The stereotypes that many Mexicans have of Americans should be broken down, especially since the stereotypes in regard to race and religion often prove harmful to good relations between the two countries.

The fact is that the Russians have a plan; they have order and organization. We Americans do not; we do not know where we are going or what we would do if we got there. Mrs. Phillips gives no attention to the reasons why the Russians have been able to make progress, nor from her article does the reader glimpse that there is any opposition to their plans — and yet surely there is.

In Mexico only *El Popular* is pro-Russian. There is also the four-page weekly, *La Voz de Mexico*, the party organ. The Communist Party here is small, though some of the unions might be controlled by party members; one has but to

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notice the development of reactionary groups of the right, the attitude of most of the newspapers and magazines, as well as certain statements in regard to Communism issued by pre-candidates for the Mexican Presidency to see that the Russians have not made too much headway in the Latin American scene from the viewpoint of propaganda. Diplomatically, more than half the hemisphere recognizes the Soviet Union, but that is another story. The interests of fair play would have demanded that the picture should not have been presented as absolutely one-sided.

HENSLEY C. WOODBRIDGE

Mexico, D. F.

SIR: I have read Mr. Hensley Woodbridge's letter with much interest, particularly as he is an American living in a Latin American country. I heartily agree with some of the points brought out in his letter.

My article, however, is not "destructive criticism," as Mr. Woodbridge states, but is informative. It was my aim to report to the American public the facts of the Soviet propaganda campaign being carried on in Cuba and to point out the clearly indicated result. Mr. Woodbridge complains that I did not go into the "reasons why the Russians have been able to make progress." It was only a short article, and a detailed explanation of all the causes underlying the spread of Communism and the increasing influence of Russia in Latin America would require a volume.

Mr. Woodbridge is, of course, perfectly correct in his estimation of American propaganda in Latin America. It is weak and ineffective for various reasons and something must be done about it if we ever expect to establish any real basis of friendship through understanding.

I find Mr. Woodbridge's viewpoint as expressed in his letter somewhat confusing. He criticizes my article for not explaining the reasons for Russia's progress and then states that the "Russians have not made too much headway in the Latin American scene from the viewpoint of propaganda." If he really believes the latter statement, then he must live a very cloistered life having no contact with the people. All I can suggest is that he get out among the Latin Americans a little more and learn the truth at first-hand.

R. HART PHILLIPS

Havana, Cuba.

SIR: In her article, "Cuba: Soviet Propaganda Center," in your June issue, R. Hart Phillips describes the Cuban Communist radio station *Mil Diez* as occupying the only international channel assigned to Cuba. As a long-time short-wave listener and former broadcaster, I found her choice and handling of facts about station CMX and its short-wave relay COCX biased enough to cast doubt on the objectivity and accuracy of the rest of her account.

By using the words "only international channel," Mrs. Phillips seems to be trying to put across the idea that CMX is the only Cuban station permitted by international agreement to broadcast to other countries. Nothing could be further from the truth. CMX now shares its channel with three stations in the United States and others in Canada, Mexico and, I believe, Venezuela. Furthermore, the North American Regional Broadcasting Agreement of 1937, under which Cuban frequencies are assigned, specifically forbids any station's claiming protection against interference at any point outside the country in which it is located. (One section in the Appendix, dealing with CMX's relations with a Canadian station — yet to be built because of the war and the lassitude of the CBC — sets forth the conditions under which CMX can protest against interference from this station in Orientes province.) Even *Mil Diez*'s power and treaty classification provide no foundation for Mrs. Phillips's statement, for Cuba is allocated channels for eight other stations of equal or greater power, including one in a superior classification.

The fact that a station has been heard in a distant country is not *ipso facto* proof that it has a large and loyal audience there, as many "peanut whistle" operators know. COCX is one of many Cuban short-wave stations, all of which receive scores of letters yearly from "DX" hounds. The language barrier also works against its acquiring a sizable following in Australia, but not in Latin America. Although I think the majority of our southern neighbors prefer their local stations because of on-the-spot knowledge of listener taste and habits, I would be extremely interested in an unbiased analysis of *Mil Diez*'s pulling power outside Cuba as reflected in audience mail or listener polls.

C. J. FERN, JR.

New York City.

SIR: Since the publication of my first article on Communism in Cuba, it has become a bitter issue here. Both the article in the New York *Times* and the one in THE AMERICAN MERCURY were translated here and printed in full by *La Información* and *Diario de la Marina*. THE MERCURY article brought reactions from Moscow and London, according to the *Diario*. At the present time, the Communist Party here is being attacked daily in

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the press and over the radio and the battle is becoming hotter all the time. The support of the Communist Party by President Grau threatens to split his own party and to force the supporting Republican Party out of the government.

Needless to say, the Communists are attacking me by press and radio. They have little to say in refutation of the article except that I am a "liar." Their attacks are personal — concerning my appearance, morals, intelligence, etc. — which, of course, is their usual method.

R. Hart Phillips

Havana, Cuba.

THE LEGION OF DECENCY

Sir: I have just finished reading the article, "The Legion of Decency," in the June issue of The American Mercury, with much distaste.

It is my opinion that Christian, Catholic and Protestant alike benefit by the gallant work of the Legion. It is easy to understand why some morons complain and call the Legion's work "an affront to democracy." Whelan's article places him in the above class of people.

The people who make up the backbone of the industry do not seem to be handicapped in not being able to parade lust, bigotry and Communist-inspired films before the American public.

This writer is inclined to believe that Whelan is the type of individual who would say, "I am not prejudiced. My wash lady is a Catholic," "My yard man is a Negro," or "I do not hesitate to sell my old iron to a Jew." Surely, a magazine like The American Mercury can find articles to publish other than this kind of trash.

Nils B. Hanson

Kansas City, Mo.

Sir: Having twice read Russell Whelan's article, "The Legion of Decency," in the June issue of The American Mercury, I am now at the boiling point. I wish to apologize to the motion picture producers and, specifically, to Will Hays whom, in my ignorance, I have at times criticized. Poor fellows, evidently they have been more sinned against than sinning.

At last, those responsible for the pap that passes for entertainment are revealed in all their fiendishly perverted "glory." No wonder the movies are a mess of mawkish, sickening sweetness and light. By what right are the Catholics or any other minority permitted to say what 118,000,000 other people in these United States should and should not see?

If you think that the implications manifest in the activities of the Legion of Decency are innocuous, look at the sorry mess foisted on this country by the Prohibitionists. When a militant minority seeks to impose its ideas on the body politic, there is bound to be trouble in one form or another.

Having imposed their opinions on the people in one category successfully, what is to prevent them from seeking to dictate public morals in other categories? Having muzzled the movies, what is to prevent them from attempting to muzzle the press or the book publishers? Talk about the bigoted Puritans of yore and their witchburnings or Schickelgruber and his bookburnings! What is to prevent the Legion of Decency or some other organization from doing likewise?

I note that the Legion invokes the Bill of Rights as an excuse for its highhanded activities. Isn't that what all dictatorial minorities call upon when assailed by the opposition?

Lv L. Miller

Salem, Ore.

PROGRESSIVE EDUCATION

Sir: I read with amusement and delight James L. Mursell's article in your June issue, entitled "Is Progressive Education Through?" It was an excellent refutation of Aiken Welch's article published in the April issue of The Mercury. If critics of the progressive type of education would read some psychology and apply it to themselves and children, they might think like adults.

I sent my child to a progressive school and later, through necessity, to a platoon type of school. Now since he is grown, it is interesting to see how well grounded he is in the subjects in which he was most interested at the earlier period — and where he was encouraged to develop those interests. I was a constant visitor and critic of both these types of schools. The progressive children were well-bred, considerate, happy and with it all, learning. There were several parents with children in the progressive school who had doubts which they discussed with me. I made it my business to get acquainted with them and their home life, finding in every instance they were using "half-baked" ideas at home to "supplement" the school's methods.

I also investigated the platoon school system for comparison. For suppression of any talent or individuality, it is a perfect medium. In one such school I found there were two teachers out of fifteen who were really teachers. Universally liked by the pupils, they got results in credits and manners. I had many talks with both of these indi-

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viduals and found they were deviating from the regular system as much as they dared.

The encouraging feature today is that the progressive system will soon be the accepted one, for its superiority is being recognized and its principles incorporated into the present one. Thank Allah, there are enough educators who are in a position to enforce this, so progress will go forward in spite of the reactionaries.

FAY H. BABB

Los Angeles, Calif.

THE ENGLISH CHARACTER

SIR: Your article by J. Frank Dobie in the April issue was misleading in its title as it dealt almost exclusively with the lack of American character. It was no more than a fleeting impression, representing the view of but few Americans.

I lived in England for over twenty years. What I learned about the British character leads me to refute practically all the statements Professor Dobie has set down.

Glossing over the fairy tale of the Pennsylvanian of German-Irish parentage who was born and reared in U.S.A. for thirty-one years and then, paying a visit to England, found that he was at home for the first time, it is interesting to note that the professor found freedom and joy in an English college sheltered from American avarice seeking to sell him goods — kitchen and toilet facilities for instance. Had he spent his time in an English village instead of a college he might have gained a different viewpoint.

That the author felt more serene under bombing than he did listening to American avarice can be taken with a grain of salt. I have experienced bombing myself, and to compare the religion of a church with that of the National Association of Manufacturers is to confuse the spiritual with the physical.

"Thinking and imagination" the English may have; thinking vision and enterprise belong to the American nation. Since this letter is about the English character, write it for the record that it has those qualities of stubbornness, stupidity and apathy which permit the nation to endure in its social life an amount of discomfort, inconvenience, misery and degradation which would kill the soul and destroy the body of the average American.

EDNA TISSIER

New York City.

THE NEW LEAGUE

SIR: Emery Reves's article, "The New League and the Next War," in your May issue is the soundest discussion of the subject I have seen. It is unnecessary to burden you with examples to bear out his contention: the whole of history is on his side, from early Greek times to the outbreak of the present conflict. One of the supreme tragedies of our times is that history has never been taught in such a way as to make evident to the literate public of this nation, or any other, that unrestricted sovereignty among nations is permanently and inescapably incompatible with international peace. The other tragedy, even more grievous, is the ignorance or unwillingness of responsible statesmen of the world to understand this fact and to act on it.

At any rate, you have done your share by printing Reves's exposé of what we can expect.

HOWARD COMFORT

Haverford, Pa.

HINTON HELPER

SIR: I have just read the article about H. R. Helper written by Mr. Stewart H. Holbrook in your January issue. This article made a great mistake at the last. Mr. Helper did not die in a flophouse nor was he buried in a potter's field.

I have a statement from Mr. Paul Starkweather stating that he assisted at the funeral of Mr. Helper, also that he personally built the vault for Mr. Helper's casket. In the Congressional Library, here in Washington, a copy of the Washington *Post*, March 10, 1909, states that Mr. Helper was buried in Forest Lake Cemetery.

Mr. Helper died on 12th Street near Massachusetts Avenue where he had lived for years. He was buried in Forest Lake Cemetery, now Cedar Hills Cemetery, one of the most beautiful cemeteries in this beautiful city. His grave is not marked.

As Mr. Helper's niece, I would greatly appreciate it if you would make this correction.

MRS. EDWIN W. MOORING
(MATTIE HELPER MOORING)

Washington, D. C.

SIR: Although I much regret the misstatement that Mr. Helper died in a flophouse and was buried in a potter's field, I rejoice to learn that my favorite prophet actually received better consideration at the hands of fate; and thank Mrs. Mooring for the correction. My information came from a man, still living, who had known Mr. Helper in his latter years. I shall correct the error in my forthcoming informal history of the United States.

STEWART H. HOLBROOK

Portland, Ore.

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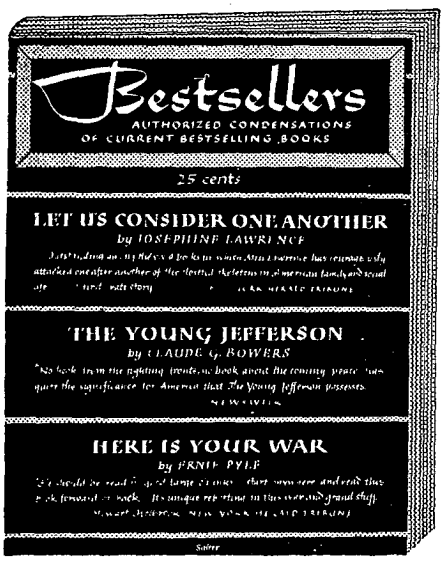

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CHECK LIST

(*Continued from page 261*)

the push that carried our forces on to Berlin and V-E Day. With no pretense at chronicling the history of the Western front, Casey sets down only what he "saw, heard or felt" — small, homely details of tragedy, pathos and humor that stamp him as a first-rate reporter and a keen analyst.

RAW MATERIAL, by Oliver La Farge. $3.00. *Houghton, Mifflin.* The author of *Laughing Boy* and *The Enemy Gods* records "the America of one individual" in a frank and revealing personal narrative. The old-world ease of Newport and New York, his early years at Groton and Harvard, later in Central America, in New Orleans and on the Navajo reservation, his present service in the Air Transport Command — all these provide the "raw material" of experiences and perceptions which have made La Farge the mature artist his autobiography again shows him to be.

AGAINST THESE THREE, by Stuart Cloete. $3.50. *Houghton, Mifflin.* The lives of three men were inextricably tangled in the history of modern South Africa. There was Lobengula, the last of the great Kaffir chieftains, the despotic ruler of a primitive, nomadic people. There was Paul Kruger, the simple farmer, uneducated in the formal sense, the great democratic leader of the Boers. And there was Cecil Rhodes, Oxford graduate, diamond tycoon, empire builder, ambitious for power not for himself but for England. It is with the struggle among these men as the representatives of three diverse races, cultures and standards of value that the book deals. A long-time resident of the Transvaal whose forebears settled in the Cape of Good Hope region as early as 1652, Stuart Cloete has chosen a field he knows well. It is perhaps his intimate knowledge of the area and its history that contributes to the one fault of the book. The story is a fascinating one, full of drama and color, but Mr. Cloete has included so many minor incidents that at times the reader is a bit confused.

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Deism
Determinism
Dialectical Materialism
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Epicureanism
Ethicism
Evolutionism
Fascism
Feminism
Fundamentalism
Hedonism
Hinduism
Holism
Humanism
Idealism
Imperialism
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Intellectualism
Intuitionalism
Judaism
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Materialism
Mechanicism
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Menshevism
Methodism
Militarism
Modernism
Mohammedanism
Monism
Mysticism
Nationalism
Naturalism
Nazism
Nietzscheanism
Obscurantism
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Pacifism
Pantheism
Patriotism
Positivism
Pragmatism
Protestantism
Puritanism
Radicalism
Rationalism
Realism
Satanism
Secularism
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Stoicism
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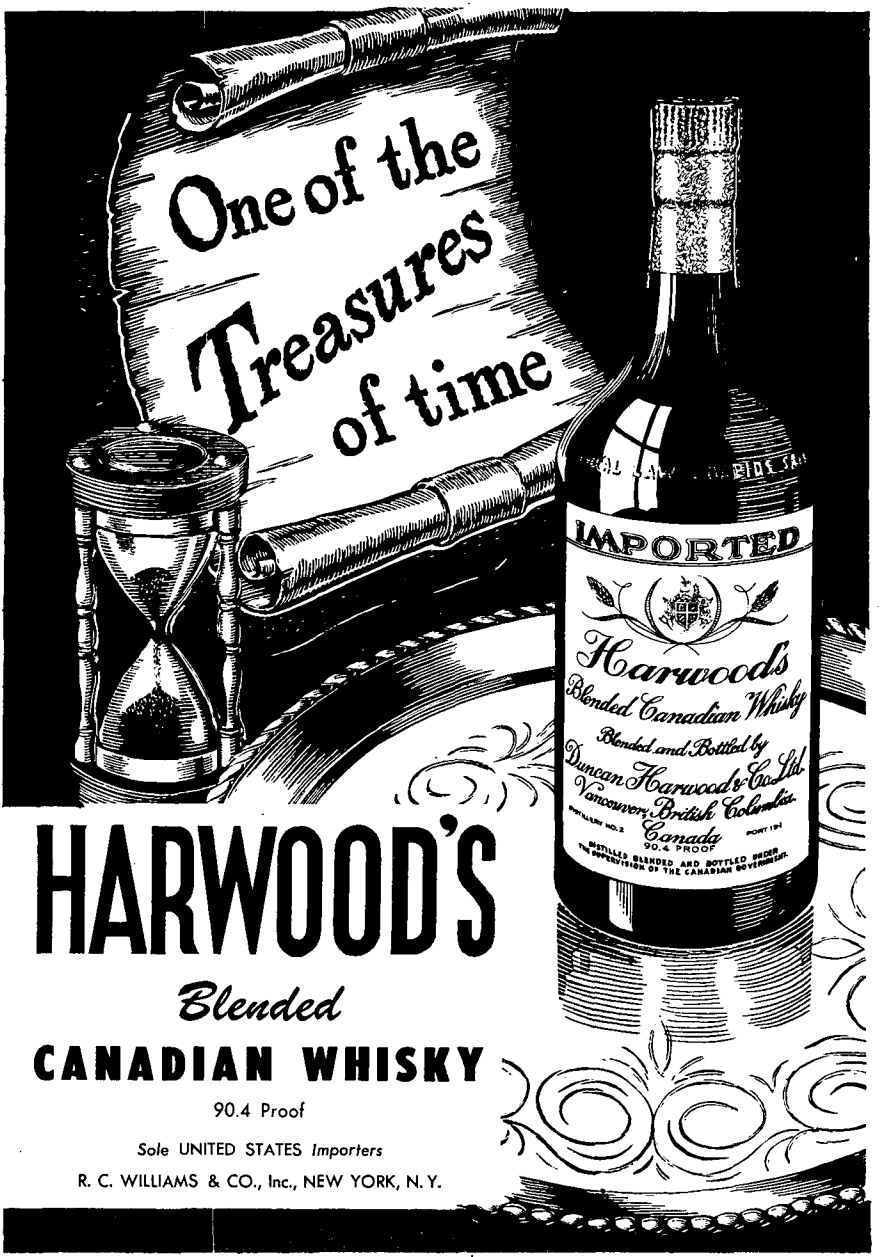

HARWOOD'S

Blended

CANADIAN WHISKY

90.4 Proof

Sole UNITED STATES *Importers*

R. C. WILLIAMS & CO., Inc., NEW YORK, N. Y.

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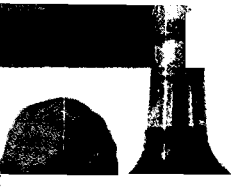
CRAFTSMANSHIP



One of the prime elements of good craftsmanship is pleasure in the doing. Certainly this is true of Old Grand-Dad. For when you take your first sip of this fine bonded bourbon you just naturally feel that he who made it took great delight in his craft. And that out of this delight he imparted to Old Grand-Dad a flavor, aroma and mellowness such as you've not experienced in many a long day. Why not make that long day a short one hereafter by taking Old Grand-Dad permanently into your family circle?

OLD GRAND-DAD

Head of the Bourbon Family

Bottled in Bond—100 Proof

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